

Inside: 57 Carefully Concealed, Diabolically Subliminal References to Our New Movie: *National Lampoon's Vacation*, with Chevy Chase

NATIONAL LAMP^{OO}N Vacation!

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Super-8 movie camera

Tiny tool kit

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By Ted Mann



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editorail

TO: L. Dennis Plunkett
FROM: Office of the Chairman of the Board of National Lampoon
DATE: March 31, 1983

In response to your recent query re: origins, movie, *National Lampoon's Vacation*. Where do I start?

Some years ago we produced a picture at Universal: *National Lampoon's Animal House*. Became biggest comedy hit of all time. Then produced film with ABC Motion Pictures: *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*. Became one of smallest comedy hits of all time. Some confusion with that one: when producing was under impression it was for exhibition on airplanes. ABC people surprised me, released it to theaters. Even more surprised when at L.A. premiere eight hundred people turned around after final scene and threw popcorn boxes at me.

Then came Warner Bros. "Let's do a movie with Chevy Chase," they said. "Great," I said.

Came up with first idea. Plot: Chevy is down-and-out actor who can't get job because of personality problem. Dresses up as a woman, becomes actress on a soap opera. Rest is pure hilarity. Studio turned it down. Ex-

plained: "People won't go see a movie about a transvestite."

Second idea: Chevy plays extraterrestrial visitor, meets young kids, spends entire picture trying to get or at least phone home. "No good," said studio. "Chevy too tall." Chase also objected to playing part nude and painted purple.

Then toyed with idea of documentary-type drama, with Chevy as Mahatma Gandhi. Agreed nobody wants to see a picture about an Indian religious leader in diapers with shaved head. Anyway, same problem as second picture idea: Chevy too tall.

Finally, reading through back copies of *National Lampoon*, came across John Hughes's story, *Vacation '58*, in September 1979 issue. A natural. Funny, charming, adventurous—and cheap. Liked. Brainstorm. Premise: Chevy married to, let's say, Beverly D'Angelo. Pretty. They have two great American-type kids. Let's say, Anthony Michael Hall and Dana Barron. Cute. They decide to travel from Chicago to visit Walley World. Kind of like Disneyland without trademarks, lawyers. Funny. Family hits the road. Immediately road hits back. Hilarious. They stop off to visit cousins. Let's say, Randy Quaid and Miriam Flynn. Randy as down-and-out dirt farmer with a steel plate in his head and

two dozen IOUs in his wallet. Typical. They meet Aunt Edna. Let's say, Imogene Coca. She takes rest of trip with them. Sheer misery. Hilarious. As they travel, keep running into a beautiful blonde in red Ferrari. Let's say, Christie Brinkley. Sexy. Chevy is turned on. Romance. Adventures get hilarious and hilariously. Aunt Edna and her dog among victims of said adventures. Now. Almost at Walley World. Conflict. Family's had enough. They want to go back. They rebel. Chevy rebels. They go on. Resolution: At Walley World have strangest adventures yet, with such characters as, let's say, John Candy and Eddie Bracken. Ending socko! Secret! Even more hilarious than previous parts! John Hughes wrote script. Harold Ramis (he co-wrote *National Lampoon's Animal House* and directed *Caddyshack*) directed.

My prediction: Big. BIG. Appealing to all ages, including Stone and Middle.

Suggest you reprint Hughes story from 1979. Been changed a lot for movie but has much of the flavor of what you'll see on screen. Hilarious. Gorilla. Boffola! Trust me. Have I ever lied to you?

Matty Simmons

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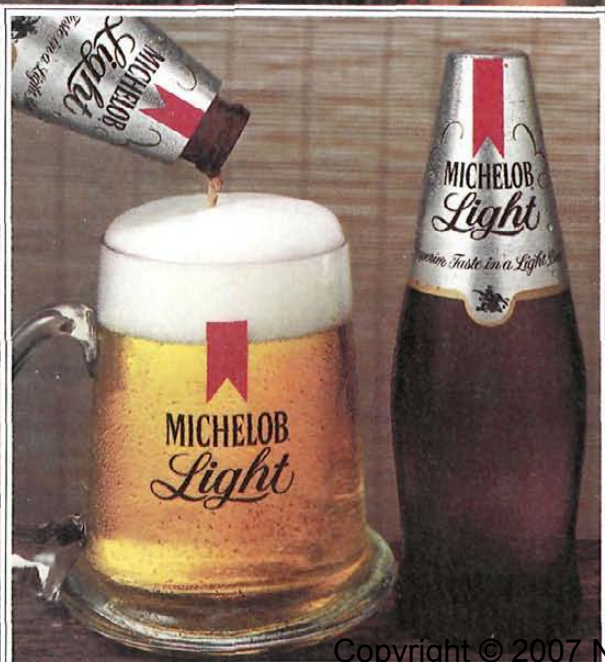
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LETTERS
8/2

SIRS: EVER NOTICE THE WINDOW-washer slot that runs the entire length of skyscrapers—you know, the one human flies use to get themselves on “That’s Incredible!”? Well, exactly ten feet from the top we’ve cut out a section of the slot and replaced it with Styrofoam that looks exactly like steel but that pops out under the slightest pressure. So the next time some daredevil’s eleven feet from the top and grinning like a shithouse rat ‘cause he’s gonna be on TV, we’ll be grinning too.

The Management
World Trade Center

Sirs:
You know how sometimes when you rub your eyes you see strange patterns and spots of light? I get reruns of “Please Don’t Eat the Daisies.”

Lou Sachange
Seagull Shit, Maine

Sirs:
I’ve seen *Psycho* and *Halloween* and *Friday the 13th* and all those other scary movies, and I got to thinking, what would be the ultimate horror film? I think it would have to be about a psychopathic killer who murders people while they’re reading the “Letters from the Editors” column in *National Lampoon*.

Hey, only kidding. I hope I didn’t scare you too much.

Robin Beckerman
Astoria, N.Y.

Sirs:
People wonder how we military wives get by in Germany, what with our husbands’ low pay, the lack of available jobs, and the high cost of living over here. I just want to assure you it’s no problem at all. Most of us work part-time as hookers. We learn a couple of words in German, hang out at beer halls, and take it from there. It sure beats hanging around the enlisteds’ bowling alley.

Sally White
Wiesbaden, Germany

Sirs:
A funny thing happened on the way here. I committed armed robbery and got eight-to-ten with good behavior. Big Otis is laughing. Hey, Big Otis, how do you spell “relief”? R-A-P-E?! But seriously, did you hear about the Polish cellblock’s attempted escape? They asked the tower guard to turn the floodlights on so they could see where they were going! Hey, you’ve been a captive audience!

#34569
The Comedy Prison

Sirs:
In the interest of safety, the following changes will be made in our upcoming circus tour: The high-wire team is to perform its delicate balancing act at a height of no more than five feet above the ground. Instead of using a whip, the lion tamer will be permitted to carry a gun. Also, all the clowns are to be tranquilized.

Barnum & Bailey
Big Top, Fla.

Sirs:
You may think the Foto Funnies are a riot, but that girl is my sister. The other day Mom asked us to go shopping for her. We went to the supermarket, and when I asked a clerk in the produce section where the fresh melons were, my sister opened her blouse. We had a class in astronomy together, and when it was too cloudy to see the lunar eclipse, she

opened her blouse and inked out her left breast with a Magic Marker.

It’s gotten to the point where the doorbell rings and she says, “I’ll get it!” and opens her blouse.

My parents won’t do a thing about it. Mom says she wishes she had the opportunities the women of today have when she was young. Dad just wipes the drool off his chin, says he’s proud to have a daughter who chips in with the household expenses once in a while, and asks when I’m going to start looking for work.

You guys have done some job on her.
The Homosexual in the
Preparation H Commercial

Sirs:
Uhhhhhhh...who, what, where, when am I?

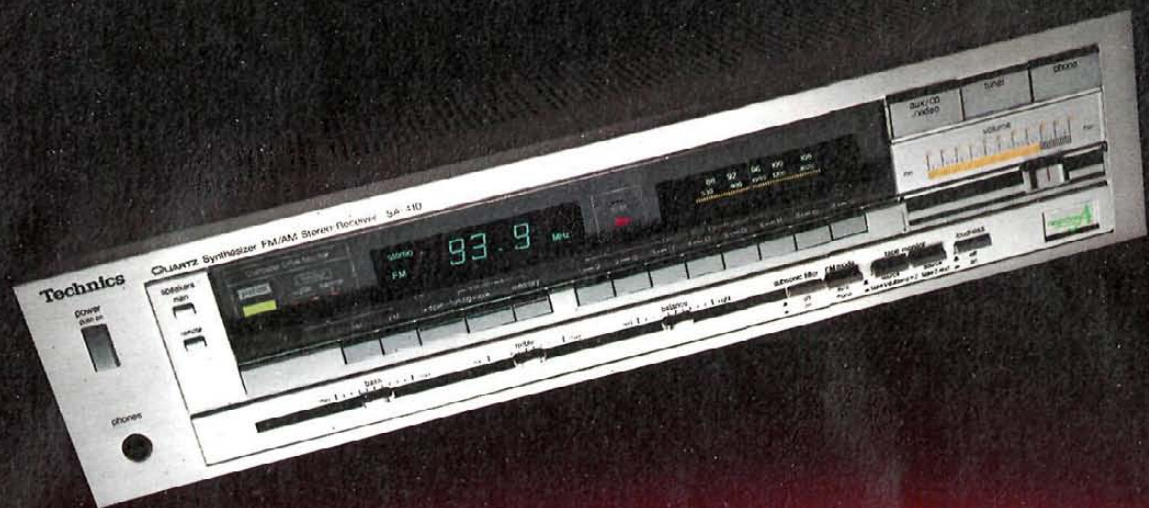
Geraldo Rivera
Looking through your window

Sirs:
Rabid Dog Magazine has just been started, to entertain, inform, and amuse all fans of rabid dogs and their activities. We feature articles and pictures of all your favorites, plus late-breaking news on foaming up-and-comers, looking toward the finals of the Westminster Mad Dog Competition. Your assurance of quality? We’re the same people that put out *Crazy, Diseased Bat Forum*.

The Editors
Rabid Dog Magazine
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)



“How about a little black and white chaser before we retire?”



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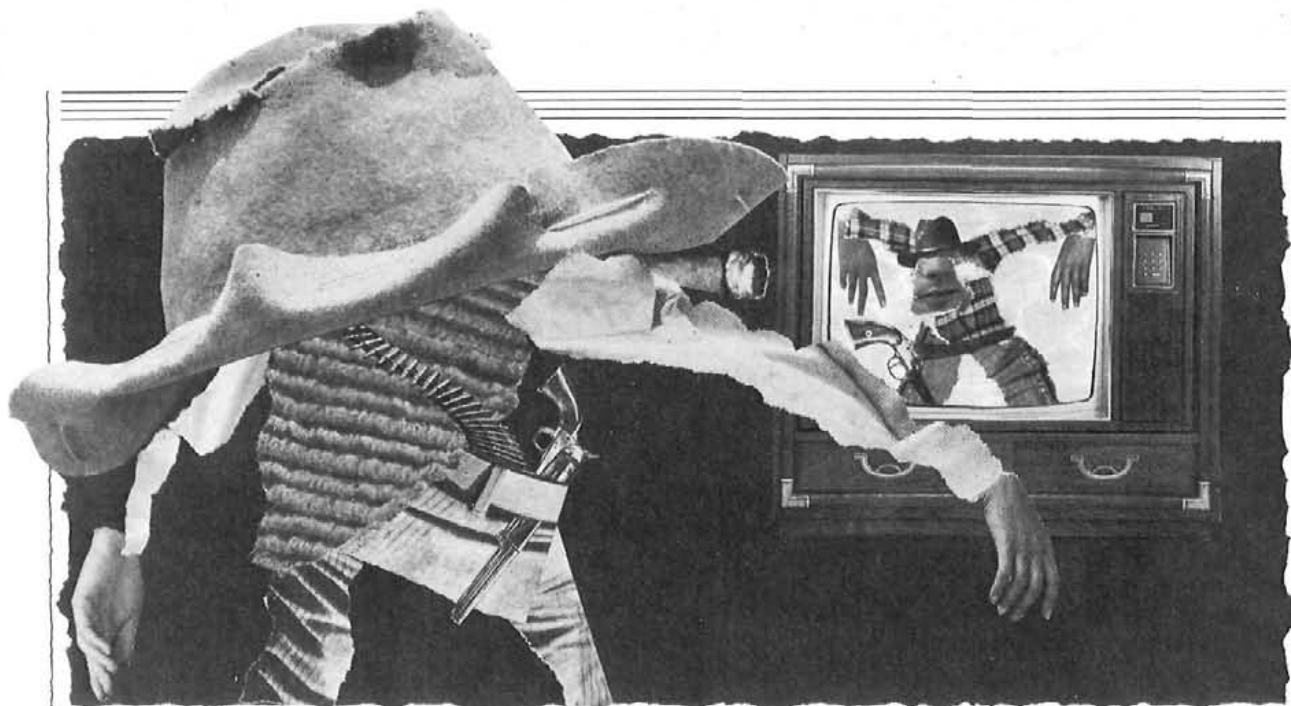
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Television has had a profound and permanent effect on national politics, but this story isn't about that.

Mexican Standoff

BY DOUG GLADSTONE

EVERYONE IN MEXICO WAS silent. The massive population was glued to the television. Before the populace was a figure that encompassed the entire screen, transforming it into a full tube of brownish pocked skin. And a cigar butt. The voice was melodious, a soothing balm for a country wrought with wrongs and iron and empty watches. Today there would be no more empty promises. The skin was speaking.

"My Mexican friends, the time has come to get up from our naps. The time has come to empty that last bottle, throw up in the streets, and begin our resurgence to power."

The audience did not stir from their homes and from the cafés. Many, though, were awake.

"It is time to take off those fucking hats and comb our hair with a towel. My friends, I am your new presidente, Renaldo Regamas."

The formerly quiet country began to buzz. Many had thought they'd been watching "Jeopardy." Who was Renaldo Regamas? Who had voted for this man? Why was his face so cratered? Did he pick at his skin instead of washing it? The brainpower being generated by so many fervent minds in the ailing undercarriage of North America woke a man

in Texas. Something was a-stirrin' in ol' Mexical.

Renaldo's rise to power had been as secret as it was glorious. It had begun in a gas station just south of Mexico City. The station had been well run—so well run in fact that its autonomy did not escape the notice of two oddly dressed men who had pulled up one day not long before, looking for girls. Renaldo spotted them as out-of-towners the minute he spotted them as out-of-town-

ers. The men were wearing ties.

"You can't be from around here," Renaldo gurgled proudly as he spit a discolored substance from under his cigar.

"Hey, you're real bright there, Pedro," one of the men responded. "Ain't he real bright, Sid?" the first man said to the second.

"Sure," answered the second man. "He ought to be the fuckin' president of this goddamn country."

That night Renaldo found it impossible to sleep. His mind was going at full force. It was exciting. It was funny to watch. Renaldo was racing around the room of his house as if his head were a piece of metal and all the walls were magnets. He raced from one side to the other, smashing his head against all four walls. Back and forth Renaldo ran and smashed, spurred on by the amazing activity in his head. Finally, he col-



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lapsed, a veritable cluster of ugly bruises.

"I will be president," he shouted. "I will be president, I have to be president. I have to move, this place is destroyed." When he eventually caught his breath, Renaldo Regamas fell asleep among the splinters of wood that had once been his home.

Regamas had one dream that night—not like the other evenings, when he would have as many as four or five dreams. This night there was only one magnificent alpha-wave fantasy. Renaldo couldn't remember it, though.

But he did remember the events of the preceding day and the government agents who had told him that they wanted to sponsor his rise to the presidency. He remembered being told he was brilliant and handsome and something about being down a quart.

Renaldo had no wife and few friends. His best friend in all of Mexico was Sam, who occasionally helped out

at the gas station, spit-shining windshields. Sam was a loyal and odoriferous pal who would always spring for the booze if you could lend him the money. Someone obviously had, because Sam was walking toward the station with two bottles in his hands.

Renaldo was surprised to hear Sam's voice from outside as he stood in his small bathroom, washing an arm. The expression on Renaldo's face was one of perplexed concentration. Soap was no oil rag. From the old rocking chair, which sat on the cement stoop that separated the station from the road, Sam began to argue with the pumps. Something about "everyone should wear a hat and that includes the both of you, regular and premium." As he lectured the surroundings, Sam rocked out of his chair once or twice for emphasis.

When Renaldo emerged from the bathroom, Sam was startled. There was his friend, neatly dressed, with one clean arm.

"Hey," sputtered Sam, "what are you doing, running for president?"

Renaldo was ecstatic. The word had spread fast. Renaldo Regamas would soon be the ruler of the country.

"I'm very happy to have your support, my friend," Renaldo told Sam. "This will be a great day for us. I will take you with me as my vice-president."

Sam was on his feet. The thought of being vice-president of Mexico had sobered him. He checked to see that his guns were loaded.

"We must go to the television studios and announce to everyone our plans for the country," Sam hollered.

"Yes, it is true," intoned Renaldo.

"But first a toast to the new presidente!" cried Sam.

"Yes, it is true," Renaldo repeated. He was beginning to get a little nervous.

After an hour or so of toasts, Renaldo was not nervous at all.

As Renaldo wired up his car, Sam fired two shots in the air, and they began their journey to the television studios in Mexico City. Although Sam was clearly not the man he used to be, he began to think about what was really going on. There was a chance, Sam concluded, that not everyone in Mexico had decided on Renaldo as their leader. Sam would have to be clever with the TV people.

Upon their arrival at the studios, Sam announced that the new presidente had come to address the people. The TV staff went wild with excitement. The new president had arrived! Perhaps this would mean a holiday. Of course the president could have some air time.

Renaldo and Sam were escorted to a small room that had a camera in it. Renaldo looked around the room confidently and then fell down. He quickly jumped up to see who had shaken the room. These TV people certainly were clever, he thought.

After a series of spontaneous burps and heavy swallows, Renaldo sat down and tried to gather his thoughts. Soon it would be time to tell the people. He would tell them what he was going to do for the country. He would tell the people right after "Jeopardy" was over. No need to anger them.

Sam was talking to the station manager about 10W-40 and its crucial role in history. Someone approached Renaldo and said that he would be on in a few minutes and was he related to America's Ronald Reagan and wasn't that an amazing coincidence. Renaldo did not respond to the questions. He merely belched and was then cued that he was on the air.

Renaldo stared at the camera. Everyone in Mexico was silent. ■



"Rick was sort of nice. He cared a lot about my poems and not so much about me. Then there was Gaylord. Gaylord worshipped the ground I walked on but couldn't get to square one with my poems. Alex was the best of all—that is, before you. He..."

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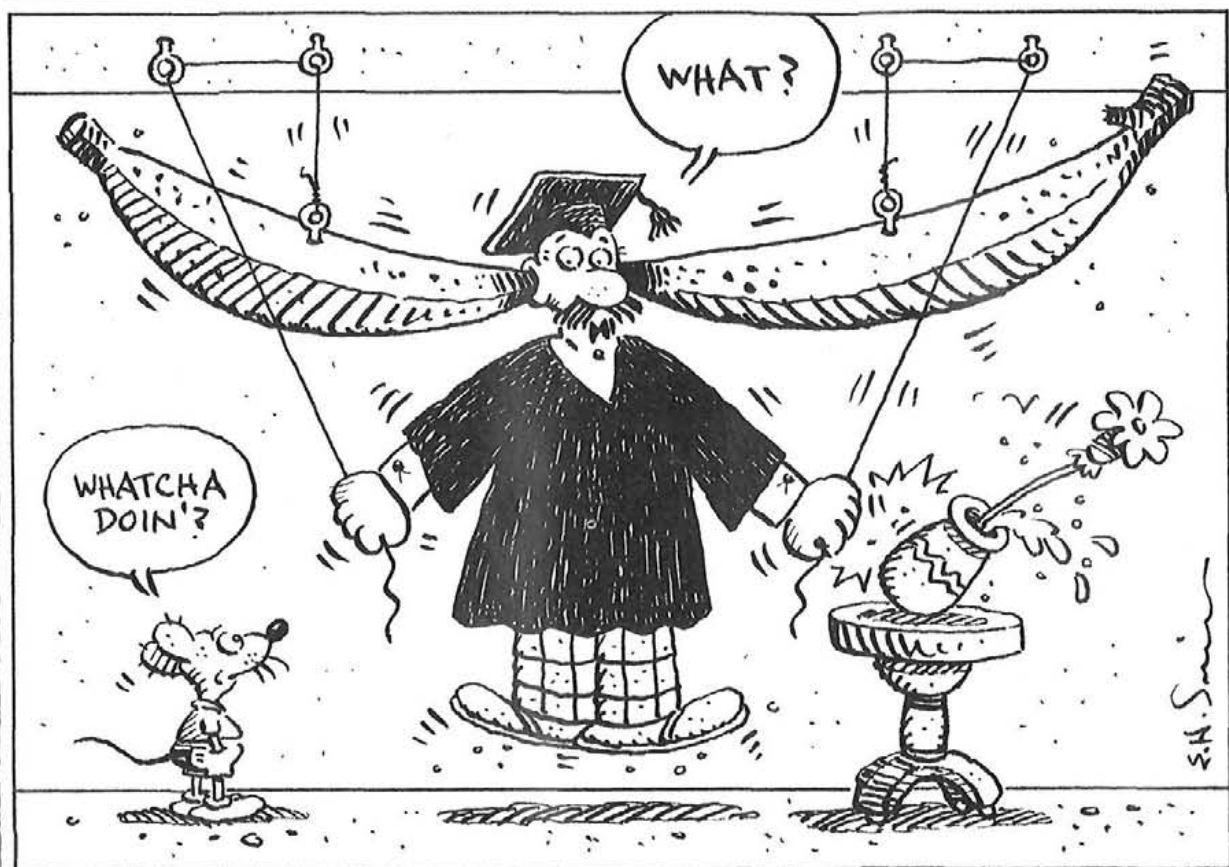
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Why shouldn't a chicken cross the road, and why question its motives?

Professor Kennilworth Dissects the Joke

BY DAVE YUZO SPECTOR

I AM SADDENED TODAY. I HAD thought my lessons to you Neanderthals last month would have sufficed. But I was wrong. While in line at the A & P this morning, I distinctly heard two bag boys exchange a riddle based on unfounded principles in blatant disregard of the laws of physics. It is more than obvious that I still have work to do if we are to enjoy a truly scientific and humorless society. So wipe that grin off your face and start taking notes!

EXAMPLE 1: Q: *What's the definition of endless love?*

A: *Stevie Wonder and Ray Charles playing tennis.*

This joke originated backstage dur-

ing a recent Grammy Awards presentation as Mr. Wonder was making an acceptance speech. When the artist's manager Sheldon Kaplan, caught wind of the uncontrollable laughter inside the green room, he decided to wander in and join in the festivities. To the horror of those in the room, a guest unfamiliar with Kaplan's identity blurted out the above riddle. A deathlike silence descended upon the jovial group. Kaplan slammed his briefcase on a table, unlocked it loudly, and withdrew a Kodak Super-8 projector and collapsible movie screen he carried around for just such an occasion. The short film he proceeded to show sent shivers through those who had no choice but to watch. It was a tennis match between Stevie

Wonder and Ray Charles. The two volleyed the ball at lightning speed, their slices, high lobs, and overhead smashes reminiscent of Wimbledon's finest moments. Miraculously, the entertainers' keen sense of direction, hearing, and superb backhands enabled the pair to bring the match to a deuce, or tie, in no time. Just as the film was ending, Stevie Wonder entered the room and was heard to comment, "Damn that Mr. Ray. He is *sooo* good!" It appears, dear reader, that the joke is on you.

EXAMPLE 2: *There was a particularly ugly girl in high school who couldn't get a date for four years. Finally, through some miracle of fate, the captain of the football team asked the unsightly, obese girl to the senior prom. For weeks, she and her mother prepared for the big day. That night, her date came by to pick her up. As she descended the stairs, her nervousness got the better of her and she felt a tremendous urge to fart. Hurriedly, she ran downstairs and asked her date to chat with her parents while she waited in the car. Once inside the car, she let out a thunderous series of farts equal to a nuclear explosion. As fast as she could, she rolled down the windows and used a map to frantically fan out the stench. Her date opened the door and got in. Before he*

Break tradition.

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Canada Dry Tonic
Pour rum into a highball glass with ice cubes. Add lime. Fill glass with Tonic. Stir lightly.

RONRICO RUM & CANADA DRY TONIC



could notice anything, she immediately started a conversation.

"So, um, where are we going after the prom?" With that, he turned to the back seat and said, "Well, let's ask Debbie and Tom, our doubles for tonight."

An embarrassing little scene, to say the least, but one that could never happen. The porker in this story would be spared her punishment for being disgustingly overweight thanks to a simple law of physio-medical science whereby the chain reaction of any bodily crisis, such as flatulence, can be checked by a precise amount of counteraction, in this case supplied by the girl's restricting undergarments. Undoubtedly the girl had purchased a girdle at least three times too small in order to displace her excess poundage. The elastic force of the stiff girdle combined with her panty hose, made airtight by a film of greasy sweat, would effectively block the rectal orifice enough to prevent a gaseous escape. Although concerned about possibly breaking wind (and a few windows in the process), the girl would have little cause for worry as long as the reinforced stitching held. However, should for some reason her date attempt copulation later on and remove the layers of

undergarments, the accumulated pressure at that point could endanger an entire neighborhood.

EXAMPLE 3: Q: Why do women like Pac-Man so much?

A: Because they can get eaten three times for a quarter.

According to *The Hite Report*, 90 percent of women polled admitted that they had no interest in cunnilingus and are never disappointed when oral sex is not reciprocated. Indeed, 83 percent of those polled claimed that they have no desire to be sexually satisfied in any manner, because their chief concern is to service and accommodate the male libido, twenty-four hours a day. Sex researcher Shere Hite herself had this to say when contacted by telephone: "You couldn't eat me for free, let alone a quarter. Like Gloria Steinem, Helen Gurley Brown, and Kate Jackson, I consider myself a liberated woman. So let's be frank. We females pride ourselves on being walking semen ashtrays for our men. All of our orifices are scrubbed daily and made available to any male, including black Marines, on command, until they tire of us and look for fresh meat. We've worked too hard

to get this far as a minority and wouldn't have it any other way. What I'm telling you, Professor, is as real as the USDA stamp on my rump." While most women are more outspoken than Ms. Hite, at least the reader will sense that thought-by-association centered on a cunnilingus theme is not the true motivation behind the rampant popularity of Pac-Man among the female population. Rather, it is the teasing, swallowing, and engulfing action toward the phallic balls around the maze that instinctively drives women to the nearest arcade.

EXAMPLE 4: A woman who had been taking experimental drugs during pregnancy gave birth to a baby with only a head. Despite the pleas of doctors, the mother took the head home and somehow raised her son in as normal a way as possible under the circumstances. On the boy's sixteenth birthday, a big party was held. The father carried in a beautifully wrapped gift and asked his son to try to guess what was inside.

"Why bother? It's probably just another fuckin' hat!"

The head's rude disappointment over receiving a hat is predicated on the assumption that, as a head, hats were the only articles ever bestowed upon him. In his sixteen years of life, surely those around him would have mustered up enough imagination to offer the head something other than hats. I consulted the American Gift and Novelty Association to see what was on their recommended list of goods deemed appropriate for a bodiless teenage boy. It included: Groucho glasses, Bozo nose, Gem Nose-Hair Clipper, deluxe jeweler's loupe, fake bullet holes, forehead water faucet with suction cup, vampire teeth, phony scars, X-ray Specs, arrow-through-the-head, bee antennas, and Jumbo Wax Lips, to name but a few. So, unless this kid gets hand-outs every day, his ungrateful outburst is totally without justification, and he should have been sent outside to play.

EXAMPLE 5: A newly elected governor was paying an official visit to a state mental institution that was embroiled in controversy. While walking around the grounds, the governor noticed a well-groomed patient on a bench reading the Wall Street Journal. The governor approached the man.

"You don't seem to be crazy or anything."

"Oh, I'm not, sir. I'm here by mistake. You've got to do something."

The governor concluded that the patient must have been committed by some bureaucratic oversight. "Don't



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BE A SPORT

worry. Next Tuesday there's going to be a special congressional hearing to discuss this hospital. I will have you brought there on Tuesday and prove how sane you are."

"That's fabulous. Thank you so much."

They shook hands and walked off in opposite directions. After walking about a hundred feet, the mental patient hurled a big rock at the governor, striking him in the head. The startled governor spun around, blood gushing from his temple.

"So I'll see you next Tuesday then, right?" said the patient.

Obviously, the premise here is to make the reader believe that the mental patient really is "mental," having unnecessarily injured his benefactor, as emotionally handicapped persons are wont to do. But how unnecessary was his action? A graph recently published in *USA Today* clearly illustrated the problem busy government officials have in remembering work-related matters. The graph was broken down into types of bureaucrats, and the overwhelming majority of them regularly forgot such items as: attending Congress, preparing reports, sending RSVPs to state dinners, signing important bills, declaring disaster areas, authorizing new office supplies, and—here's the important one—bringing mistakenly committed mental patients to special congressional hearings. The patient in this joke most likely

reads *USA Today* along with his *Journal*, or is at least familiar with the problem depicted in the graph. He merely threw the rock to prevent another bureaucratic blunder. That's how he got there in the first place.

EXAMPLE 6: A WASP walks into a men's clothing store in New York.

"How much is this suit?" he asks.

"Four hundred dollars."

"Okay, I'll take it."

I am reminded of the biblical question (Mark 7:12) "Why did He create Gentiles? Because somebody's got to pay retail!"

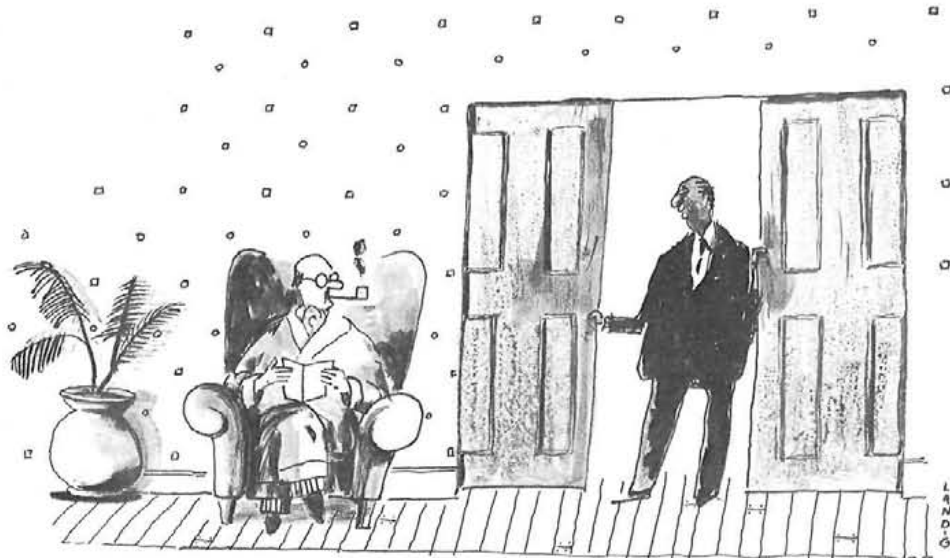
The assumption that non-Jews are incapable of purchasing goods and services at an advantageous price structure has continued for too long, and in gross error. As far back as the late thirties, for example, consider the terrific low prices at which the Nazis were able to buy homes and businesses, sometimes for as little as a hundred dollars! Getting back to the above story, the WASP in question would have haggled over price for at least an hour and then settled for the suit at four hundred dollars plus a free set of collar tabs. As recently as two years ago, I myself purchased a Ford Country Squire Wagon, mainly to transport my reference books. The manufacturer's sticker price was \$8,995. I stole the car for \$8,990 and got a plastic ice scraper to boot. By the same

token, Gentiles also fully understand the complexities of the retail business, such as how McDonald's can make money on Big Macs even though they lose fourteen cents for every one sold. Volume, of course.

EXAMPLE 7: Brad Turner was understandably nervous about his first job interview after six years of hard study at Yale and Princeton. The interview at IBM had continued for over three exhausting hours. At noon, it was suggested that young Brad accompany the staff to lunch, where the chairman of the board of IBM would be present. Arriving at the expensive restaurant, Brad quickly excused himself and went to the men's room, trembling with fear. Who should be standing next to him but former president Gerald Ford. Ford inquired about the graduate's obvious nervousness. Brad explained how concerned he was to make a good impression with IBM. The sympathetic Ford agreed to help out by stopping by the table and saying hi. "Gosh, Mr. President," said Brad, "that'll really make an impression!" About fifteen minutes later, the former president walked over, put his hand on Brad's shoulder, and said, "Why, hello, Mr. Turner, and how are you today?"

"Fuck off, Jerry. Can't you see I'm eating?"

Gerald Ford does not eat at expensive restaurants. ■



"Old white broad—could be your mama—to see you, sir."

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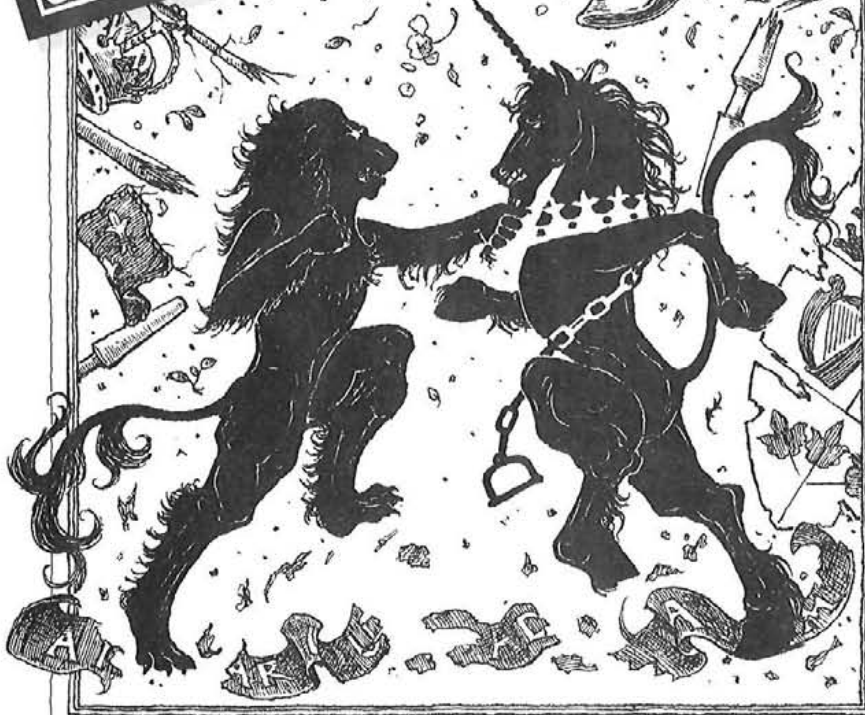
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Must Canada once again bow to southern interests, or should Americans be forced to endure "straight up"?

The Great Ice Pipeline Debate (Continued)

BY CHARLEY GORDON

THE CONTROVERSIAL LEGISLATION to establish an ice pipeline to the United States has split the Canadian nation asunder and sideways, to some extent. Although the government claims that the pipeline, which will have its origin in the ice floes off the Atlantic Coast, would carry only pieces of out-moded and obsolete icebergs, the Opposition has been charging a sellout of vital Canadian interests. The controversy has generated a considerable amount of editorial comment. Here is a sampling:

Moose Jaw Prairie Stereotype: Although many Canadians are outraged by this issue, it has nothing to do

with wheat or curling, fortunately. It is just another of the silly arguments people in central Canada get into when they are not trying to deprive Westerners of their legitimate birthright.

They will get around to doing that again soon, so it is to be hoped that this debate lasts as long as possible.

Ottawa Bureaucrat-Mandarin: While a distasteful odor of dissent swirls about the issue, we must remember that dissent is, by its very nature, distasteful. Unquestionably, many of the dissenters have neither the time nor the inclination to read the many fine position papers that have been issued by the government on this matter. Dissenters never read position papers, preferring to base their judgments upon other, more acces-

sible sources, such as television and the kinds of magazines that can be purchased in stores.

Basing their opinions upon such sources, they have missed the essential point of the debate, and indeed all debates: the government must know what it is doing. The government always knows what it is doing.

Vancouver News and Avocado: The environment is threatened by this project. The environment is threatened by every project. In this one, icebergs are exploded and make a big bang that could hurt the ears of a whale, or a seal pup, or an environmentalist, if one happened to be swimming by. We were in California again the other day and they were talking about that down there. They said they don't need the ice anyway, because how could you get it up your nose. They said, Don't do anything to hurt the ears of the whales, because they're so cute. We agree with that and are looking for some place to smear cow's blood on to make our point in the pig media.

Toronto Globe and Mail and Department Store Chain: This is a typical case of government arrogance. There was other government arrogance last week and the week before that, and this is just another case of it. The Canadian people are sick to death of government arrogance and so are we. This government is too arrogant to be allowed to stay in power. This government is so arrogant that it ought to be thrown out. The Canadian people have suffered through fifteen years of government arrogance and aren't going to take it anymore. That is our humble opinion.

Montréal Le Stylo: Ça n'est pas les pyjamas du chat. Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose. On dit en anglais: "Who need it?"

Toronto Lifestyle Today: The ambience, the very essence of the ice floes, is under attack. Pipeline workers with their muddy boots—boots that lace up, for heaven's sake—would destroy the elegance of a particularly poignant part of our fragile nation. Although we have never actually been there, an architect of our acquaintance flew over it in someone's private plane the other day and says that it looks absolutely unspoiled and has the kind of low property values that would appeal to young professional couples who are into cold. In case it becomes the in spot someday, all our readers will want to go there, so they shouldn't spoil it before we have had a chance to look it over.

Calgary American: It is a well-known fact of economic life that if you put something in a pipeline it makes money for people. That happened with oil and

From the Driving Force:

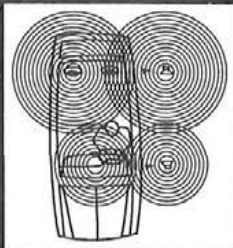
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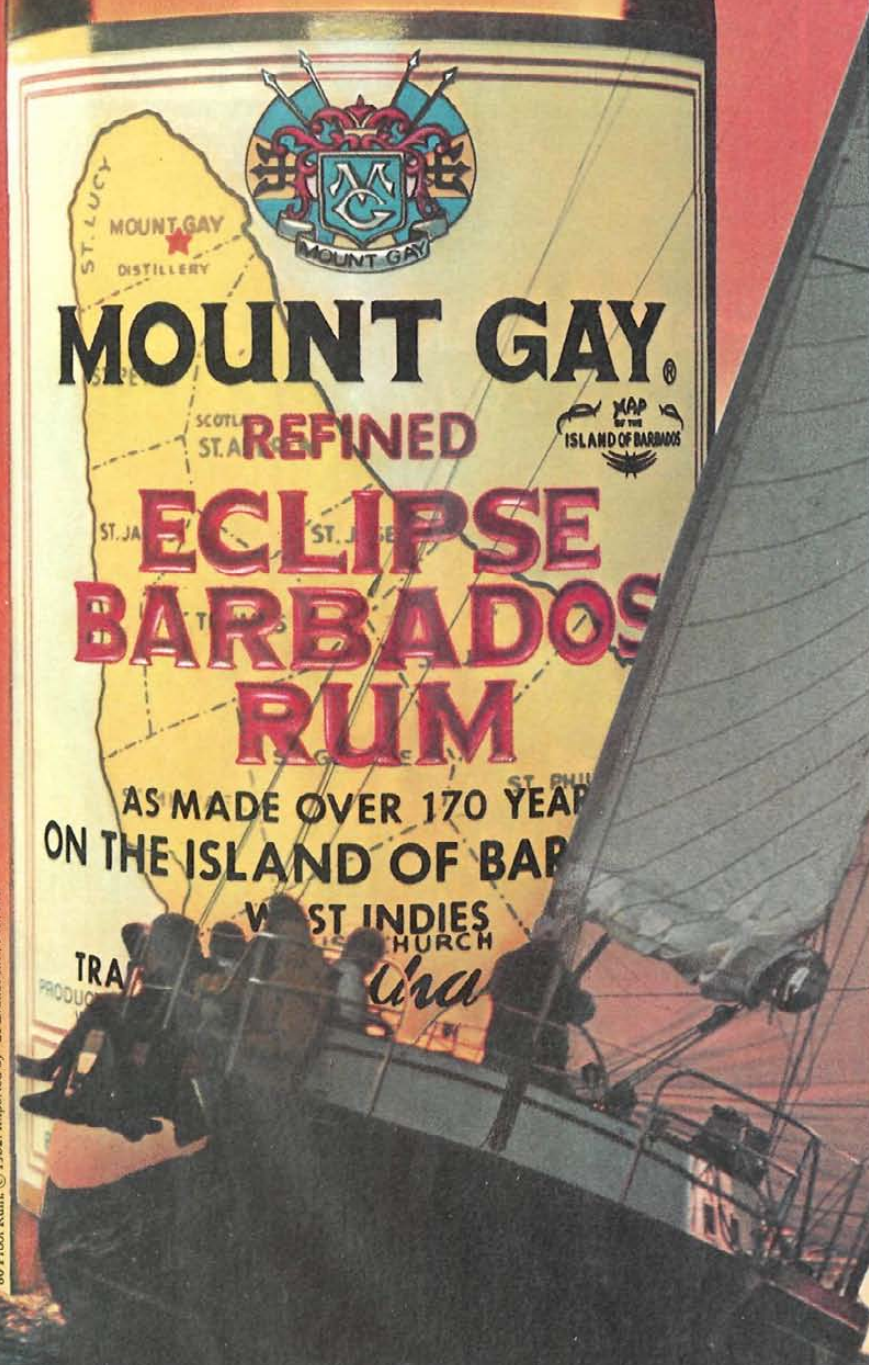
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gas and it happened with pipe. The people who oppose this project are shortsighted do-gooders who probably aren't in the pipe business. What do they know?

The Americans need ice. Someday we may need something from them. Someday we may be short of football players or nuclear missiles. Fat chance we will have going crying to them if we refuse them this small request. Alberta has survived for almost one hundred years without icebergs. There's no reason why other Canadians can't also.

Halifax Pinko: The legislation is discriminatory and punitive. It pays no heed to the needs of working Canadians at the same time that it contributes to the corruption of their American brothers by encouraging them to anesthetize themselves out of their class consciousness through the ingenious capitalist opiate of cold rye and ginger ale. We urge all Canadian working people to begin a march on Parliament Hill as soon as they get back from their last one.

McLeod's (Canada's National Magazine and Hardware Store): It was morning on the ice floes and the sun shone brightly. (check distance) miles away Canada's parliamentarians were making a decision that would forever affect the future of this sparkling scene.

Tall, tweed-jacketed, the Opposition leader took his seat behind the green baize of his desk. Short, corduroy-jacketed, the prime minister sipped from a glass of water. It was a scene of considerable tension, which you already know about if you read any newspapers last week.

Toronto Daily Tit & Soccer Ball: The Communist-inspired pointy-headed bureaucrats of the federal government have done it to you again. Another stupid thing. We're really burned up.

It may not bother you much. You figure, "What does it matter if a few pointy-headed Communist-inspired Perrier-swigging bureaucrats let some ice floes be blown up and have the ice shipped to the Americans? They are our NATO allies, after all!"

Wrong! Wrong! Don't you understand? Those eggheads are down there sipping drinks without fruit in them and laughing at your table manners. They've gone too far this time.

AT PRESS TIME, BILL C-666 IS emerging from the committee stage. Demonstrations are being planned on Parliament Hill and at a Rotary Club luncheon in Sarnia, Ontario, if no guest speaker can be found. Meanwhile, a nation reeling from one shock after another digs in for a long siege. ■

America's Jolly Good

Time of the Month

JULY EDITION

Reagan Says "Star Wars" Weapons Are Misunderstood

PRESIDENT REAGAN, SPEAKING before a Mensa convention, lashed at critics of his recent proposals for a new breed of American weaponry, calling them "narrow-minded morons who don't have the brains to understand total space warfare where we can eliminate the threat of war by making war totally non-threatening because it's in space, where there can't be anything like the international tensions that you get on earth, where people always have to worry about invading hordes pillaging and plundering the land and wasting families and destroying cultures, while wars in space don't really involve borders or

Soldiers bleeding during ordinary war.



Soldiers not having to bleed during space war.



President Reagan used these illustrations to compare present-day warfare to what soldiers will be able to do instead of being soldiers while wars are fought with miracle war machines in space.

territory or soldiers or anything, so anyone can get into the war for whatever reason he wants and not have to worry about getting everyone else mad, since nobody would ever suffer, which is ideal for handling belligerents like the Russians or the Libyans because they can go around being as aggressive as they like and we wouldn't have to worry about losing our country or saving face, since we would just fight them in space with beams and stuff while living totally happy, normal lives on earth and even exchanging ballet companies and sports

teams with the enemy, even though they wouldn't even really be the enemy, except in space, but that doesn't really count any more than meteor showers or other space things count on earth, except as maybe news items in special magazines."

Although he was necessarily ambiguous on the details of the new weapons he is proposing, Reagan did say that the systems would "have all the extras. Space-age design, lots of blinking and flashing lights, big windows, monstrous engines powered by batteries that never have to be recharged.

"And they will all be completely automated," he continued. "With my new miracle war machines, everything a country will need to wage a full-scale world war will fit in an office the size of an average real-estate agent's shack—the small ones with the old photographs of all the rentals taped inside the window. A couple of generals and a secretary can show up in the morning, run the show, and knock off at five or six like anybody else." ■

U.S. Manufacturers Recall Everything

DECLARING THAT "WE HAVE TO FACE the fact that there hasn't been a single piece of merchandise manufactured in the U.S. during the last fifty years that isn't shoddy or even downright dangerous," the Federal Trade Commission announced that U.S. manufacturers have agreed to a complete recall of all products in all categories. "They knew that they had to either do it voluntarily," said Commission Chairman James C. Miller, "or wait for a congressional mandate."

The massive recall, according to Miller, "ranges from simple things like

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)



Waiting out the recall: doing without safety vs. doing without everything for a while.

FDA Changes Its Mind

LATE YESTERDAY, THE FDA APPROVED the use of Idaho potatoes as starch blockers. It was discovered that the insertion of a whole potato into the mouth of an overweight person will reduce caloric intake, thus resulting in a dramatic weight loss. The potatoes were also sanctioned as an inexpensive alternative to silicone breast implants. ■

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

toothbrushes, where improperly seated bristles might come out and make the user gag, to things like Mixmasters, which have so many parts they're never made correctly, to TVs and radios, which are never wired properly, to invariably flimsy items like sofas, beds, desks, tables, and lamps. It covers soft goods, hard goods, textiles, wearing apparel, everything made of metal, plastic, glass, or wood, and even things that just sit still, like porcelain knickknacks.

which always manage to break anyway. Not one product of any kind or for any purpose is exempted. Every U.S. manufacturer is participating, from huge firms such as General Electric to those small family companies that make things like leather watchbands, with their inevitably poorly fastened clasps.

Postcards will be sent out immediately informing Americans of the recall. However, Miller warned, "Since there'll be one postcard for each kind of product, people should be careful, as the

loads may well burst the flimsy, sub-grade mailboxes that they'll soon be returning." All that consumers have to do, he said, is pack their products carefully and ship them away. "Manufacturers will correct any and all defects at absolutely no charge and get everything back as soon as possible." Added Miller, "Of course, we'll all have to go through the temporary discomfort of being without, say, a favorite but flimsy desk-calendar holder or set of handsome yet poorly buttressed bookends, or any other material object whatsoever, but that's a small sacrifice for an America where products finally function the way they're supposed to."

Critics, however, have warned that the all-inclusive nature of the recall could result in long delays in the return of people's products. The reason is that the tools by which the recalled products will be repaired will, of course, have themselves been recalled by their manufacturers. Such things as hammers, screwdrivers, bolts, lathes, drill presses, workbenches, and all types of industrial machinery will have to be returned for fixing to companies whose own tools and machinery have been recalled. "Still, it has to end somewhere," Miller said, "and eventually it'll all settle out." Until that moment, he suggests, "America may want to return to an agrarian society of some sort. We can resume being an advanced nation as soon as the stuff starts coming back."

Lippizaner Deaths: The Untold Story



Tony the stallion enjoying the Big Apple as only a prancing sex horse can.

Once around the courtroom for sex stallion

THE MYSTERY SURROUNDING the deaths of a large group of famed Austrian Lippizaner horses due to a rare strain of herpes has been deepened through the discovery of a journal kept by one of the stallions. The diary of Tony the stud horse reveals his activities during a two-week stay in New York City when the Lippizaners were performing at Madison Square Garden. Selected entries reveal that Tony, also known as "Five Legs," revelled in the company of the rich and famous during his sex-crazed New York fling:

Oct. 5—Mudd Club with M. F. Says she's concerned her series will be canceled. Offered her my own form of consolation.

Oct. 7—Dinner party at Diane Von Furstenberg's. Happy we're "just friends" now. Left with L. V. Who says models are all show?

Oct. 8—Saw preview of *Cats* with J.B. Both agreed it was not as good as *Equus*. Might fly to see her in L.A. if she can break away from live-in steady. "He may be a dancer, but he ain't no lover," she explained, panting. "At least not like, like yooouuuuuuuuu..."

When confronted with the evidence, Tony denied all charges and claimed the diary was actually the outline for a novel he was planning. "When the case comes to court, there's going to be a lot of beautiful people waiting to see if Tony whinnies or not," said Vienna District Attorney Franz Schwann. Under a little-known provision of Austrian law, Tony can be tried as a man in the deaths of his fellow horses, and Schwann intends to make him take the witness stand, "even if we have to build an extra-heavy-duty one to support his bulk."

Ambassadors of Profit

THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION TODAY announced "a step forward in the dissemination of the American Way" with the formation of the "Big Business Corps." A spokesman stated that the new corps was designed to "rectify the wrongs of the leftist Peace Corps."

Individuals interested in joining are forewarned of low pay and primitive conditions. The base salary will be barely fifty thousand per year, plus a slightly smaller-than-usual percentage of the business generated between U.S. conglomerates and local governments. Other sacrifices include nonexclusive rest-room facilities, unreserved parking, and hard-to-understand foreign languages.

**Time
of the
Month**

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Tod Carroll

CONTRIBUTORS:
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Ted Mann, Maureen Sara,
Ed Subitzky

God Visits a Deadly New Epidemic on Gays



"I ACTED CONTRARY TO THE WILL of God by wiggling my weenie in another man's ass. He sent me God's Just Burning Vengeance Disease, GJBVD. It's like AIDS but it hurts more. I'll be dead soon," says William T. Trethewey (center), who asked that his name not be used. ■

Moonies' Final Separation

FOUR THOUSAND MOONIE NEWLY-weds shuffled into Madison Square Garden last month for the world's largest divorce proceedings. "A divorce, please," the huge crowd intoned, "we are not happy together." Presiding judge Sun Myung Moon refused, however, until the crowd received guidance from the Unification Church marriage counselor. "Talk to each other, please," the counselor advised. Although most complied, simple conversation soon degenerated into a melee of name-calling, accusations, and finally, pushing and shoving. "We would like a court order, please," the women chanted, "evicting these two thousand bums from our houses and freezing their bank accounts." "We will violate the court order and break into our houses and cut up our wives' clothing," the men responded loudly, after which the Reverend Mr. Moon instructed, "Put away the kitchen knives and broken bottles, please." "No, thank you," the newlyweds answered. "We will kill each other, please?" "Please, you must not," police and management officials of the Garden entreated, but without effect. "All of the unhappy Moonie newlyweds are dead," newsstand operators recited in unison the following morning. "Oh, good news," people chanted in response. "Thank you for the good news." ■



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Monte Alban Jersey, only \$7.95! (above)
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Toshiba's new KT-VS1 stereo cassette player is truly a small wonder. Its stereo headphones collapse, its tuner pack plays AM/FM stereo and it has two stereo headphone jacks, auto stop and soft touch controls.

An even tinier advancement is the RP-55, which plays FM stereo through collapsible headphones.

Which will you pick for your pocket?

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Billion-Dollar Baseball Contract Contains Some Big Surprises



Big TV stars spice up new network baseball coverage. Here, Oakland A's skipper Valerie Bertinelli contests a close call.

IN THE WAKE OF THE JUST-SIGNED billion-dollar network television package, major-league-baseball insiders have begun to reveal that the seven-year pact will, in fact, change much of the game and the way it is televised.

Among the amazing clauses included in the new contract, according to highly placed sources who have seen copies of the document, are those that specify:

- Every mention of the word "baseball" by network telecasters must be followed by the phrase "a truly great game, played in the greatest free country in the world, and one that owes its present greatness to outgoing Commissioner Bowie Kuhn."

Ladies' Day on "The People's Court"

TED BUNDY, THE HANDSOME AND articulate law student who unsuccessfully defended himself last year against charges that he brutally murdered four women, will defend himself against similar charges in forty-two cases across America during a special eight-hour, prime-time, mini-series production of "The People's Court." Judge Wapner, as usual, will preside. ■

- All regular-season games played on network television must feature two network television celebrities, one to a team, who may play any position they wish. If, for example, Bonnie Franklin wanted to pitch for the New York Yankees, and Valerie Bertinelli wanted to manage the Oakland Athletics, they would be allowed to do so.

- Baseball nicknames will now be issued exclusively by network writers. This will make possible more exciting advertising of upcoming games, aimed at people who ordinarily do not follow baseball but might like to watch a fast-paced action-adventure show. New network ads will feature the highly colorful team members in a gladiator-like spirit. For example, a Red Sox-Brewers game would be advertised as "the last chance for Peg Leg, the beloved coach, to lead his Beer Belly Boys against the Bean Town Bombers, led by 'Greaseball,' who really knows how to doctor a pitch, and 'Flash,' a ghetto youth who used to steal hubcaps but now steals bases."

- The usual quiet journey of a team car from bullpen to pitcher's mound will now be turned into a high-speed police chase, ending in a collision from which the relief pitcher will *almost* always emerge victorious.

- All night games not completed in time for Ted Koppel or some other late-night newscaster to go on the air will become liable to an arbitrary judgment by Ted. ■

Rebels in Nicaragua

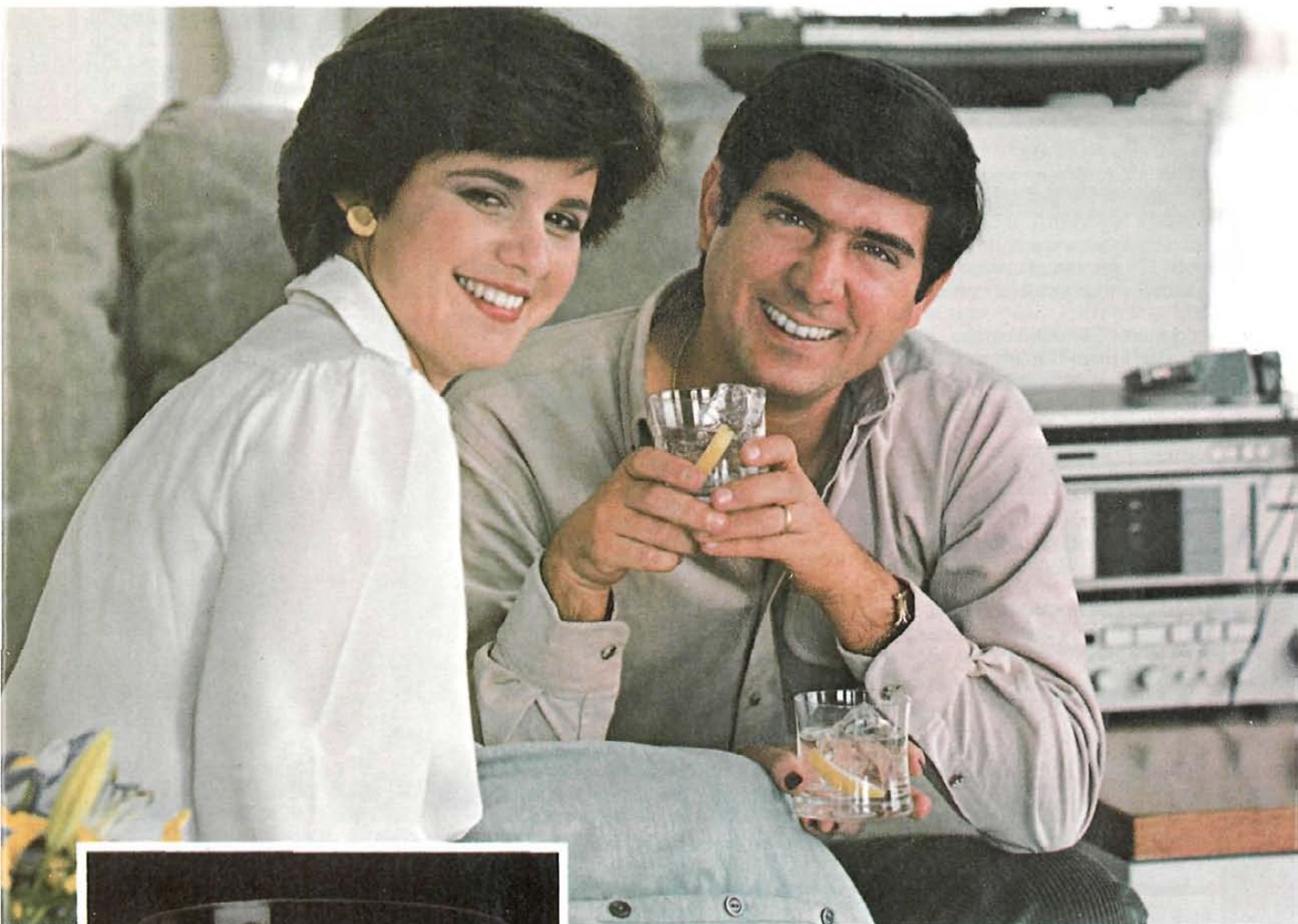
SPOKESMEN FOR NICARAGUA'S Sandinista government accused the U.S. of supplying arms and training to rebel forces operating within that country.

"We know it is the U.S. training these rebels," said a government official. "These men give a characteristic holler, known as the 'rebel yell,' and they stitch a flag with crisscrossing starred bars on it onto their shirts."

The government spokesman produced as evidence several bottles of Gatorade, some "moon pies," and a bag of grits allegedly captured from a rebel campsite. "These things are the mark of the U.S. rebel. We demand an end to their activities and music in our country," said the official, referring to the 45-rpm banjo-and-fiddle discs the rebels allegedly distribute in the outlying hill districts.

Asked to comment on the allegations, U.S. embassy spokesmen would say only that "them old Sand-i-nasty boys must have gone drunk a whole load o' corn liquor to get to talking crazy like that there." ■

"Our Puerto Rican white rum is smoother than gin or vodka"



"Puerto Rican Rum is so smooth, we drink it on the rocks. If you haven't tried it, you should!"

Angel R. Rovira, Marketing V.P. and his wife Maria.

It's today's big trend—people having white rum in place of gin or vodka. On the rocks, in Bloody Marys, or mixed with tonic or orange juice.

The reason? Rum from Puerto Rico has a smoothness gin or vodka can't match. You see, Puerto Rican white rum is aged for at least one full year, by law. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Make sure the rum is from Puerto Rico.

Great rum has been made in Puerto Rico for almost five centuries. Our specialized skills and dedication have produced rums of exceptional dryness and purity. No wonder 86% of the rum sold in the United States comes from Puerto Rico.



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For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. NL-2, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10102 © 1982 Government of Puerto Rico.

ABC to Devote Entire 1983-84 TV Season to "Extended Miniseries"

IT'S GOING TO BE AIRED TWENTY-FOUR hours a day, preempting all other programming from early September through late March. It consists of 3,500 interacting characters in all—300 sex-pots, 175 doctors, 90 priests, 250 good-natured prostitutes, 75 ruthless killers, 600 millionaires, 360 resentful butlers and maids, 210 oil magnates, 300 playboys, 275 high-fashion models, and a wide assortment of confused teenagers. "It's going to be nothing less than the biggest miniseries ever produced," according to network executive Anthony Thomopoulos. "There are going to be more than 5,000 episodes in all."

The series is slated to feature hundreds of top stars, both domestic and foreign, with Richard Chamberlain playing more than fifty different roles. In addition, Thomopoulos said, "Every member of every theatrical union, from AFTRA to SAG, plus everyone acting in anything in any capacity whatsoever will have at least a cameo role." The name of the series has not yet been agreed on, but Thomopoulos promises, "It'll be a long one—you can count on that."

Asked if such an extensive series, certain to be highly popular, might not interfere with national productivity,

Thomopoulos said, "Well, we did consider the possibility. But Americans are made of pretty strong stuff, capable of concentrating on more than one thing at once. There's no reason why people can't have a TV set nearby and keep one eye on it while they do their regular

jobs. And, as far as something like sleep is concerned, I think that, as a country, we can go without it for one TV season. We should all be willing to make some sacrifices, because a series as all-encompassing as this will be a big help to America in difficult times. What with record-level unemployment and the ever-present threat of nuclear war, we need a lot more unreality to take our minds off things than we ever did before. Also, as a nation, we need more things to talk about, to bring us together. Having a series like this to share will save a lot of teetering marriages, I'm sure, not to mention giving teenagers and parents something in common." ■



A typical scene full of major stars from ABC's new extended miniseries.

Tylenol Announces Ultimate in Tamper-Proof Packaging

WHEN TYLENOL RE-entered the marketplace with its packages safety-sealed three different ways, another brand came along and offered its products in bottles surrounded by protective metal cans. Other companies followed suit with a variety of complex packaging methods. Now Tylenol has taken the lead again with what a company spokesman calls "the absolute ultimate in consumer protection."

According to the spokesman, "First



The newest Tylenol packaging: solid consumer safety.

the bottle of tablets is shrink-wrapped tightly in cellophane. This, in turn, is wrapped in tinfoil, which is placed inside a cardboard box and then sealed into a metal canister. The canister is bolted into Lucite, which itself is welded into an iron drum. The drum is locked in a cabinet of case-hardened steel that is coated with plaster, dipped in cement, and surrounded on all sides by thick bulletproof glass. This is next placed in a sturdy box of hard-pressed oakwood veneer. Finally, the whole thing is bricked up into what we believe is an absolutely tamper-proof unit."

The spokesman admitted the packaging will add to the price of Tylenol—a bottle of one hundred tablets is now expected to sell for around \$199,950. "But," he says, "we think consumers are willing to pay the extra price for total safety." ■

Producer Announces Space Epic

PRODUCER A. J. FINKLEBAUM announced the third part of his trilogy of "The Beverly Hillbillies in Space" from his offices in a dentists' building near La Cienega Boulevard in Los Angeles. The film is titled *Return of the Jed*. When asked where the first two parts of the saga had played, Finklebaum lamented, "All the huge distributors have secret deals with the majors. They only handle the big guys, and the little man gets screwed. The first two parts



Stars return in otherworldly saga.

have received excellent reviews in museums and art galleries."

Return of the Jed, scheduled to be released in small letters on marquees near theaters showing the third installment of George Lucas's saga, details the adventures of the Beverly Hillbillies as they attempt to find a mansion on Mars with a cement pond where the neighbors won't complain about the smell of possum from Granny's cooking, or take offense at all the critters roaming the grounds. "It's got some newsreel footage and a few outtakes from the well-loved TV series," says Finklebaum, "but I have some students at USC working overtime on mattes and stuff to make it look realistic. The special effects will knock your socks off."

Reagan Has Second Thoughts About Slogan

IN A REFLECTIVE MOMENT, PRESIDENT Reagan finally admitted that "Stay the Course" is a stupid thing to say. White House sources say that the slogan will be changed to "Mow Your Lawn."

BACK ISSUES



- OCTOBER 1972/Remember Those Fabulous Sixties?
- DECEMBER 1972/Easter
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- SEPTEMBER 1974/Old Age
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- JUNE 1981/Romance
- JULY 1981/Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981/Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981/Back to School
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- JANUARY 1982/Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982/The Sexy Issue
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- AUGUST 1982/The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982/Hot Sex
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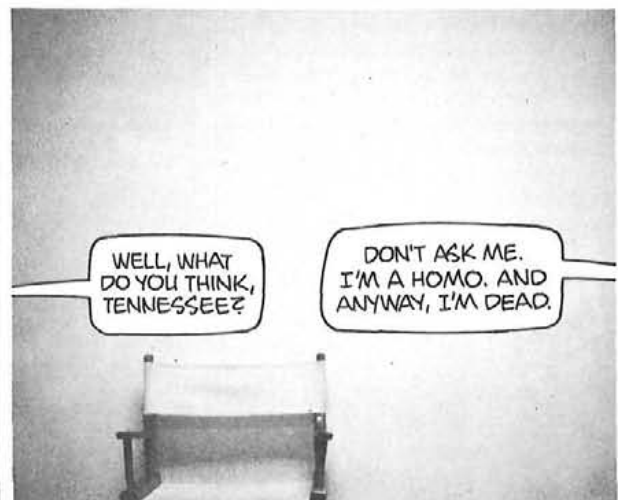
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LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

Sirs:

I noticed on your masthead that you fellows don't have a Directions Editor. What are you, in the Paleolithic age or what? Every big magazine needs a Directions Editor. You just send out a limo and I can start Monday.

Jerry Bolster
Connors, Wis.

(Just take I-747 to Lemon Falls and head due east. Pick up Route 63 in Cider Junction, just past the high school. Head south until you see the Exxon station in Cloutertown. Hang a right and go about four miles until you see Springbucket Road. Take that left and look for Moose's Chowder House. Take the left just before the big rock that's shaped like a duck. That's Wheeler Road, and you stay on that until you get to Keebler's Antiques. Hang a right there and look for the V in the road at Schultz's Greenhouse. Bear left. Bear right and you go by the racetrack. You don't want that. Bear left. About five miles down the road you'll come to Riba's Unisex. Three houses past there you'll see my name on the mailbox. It reads "J. M. Bolster." If there's a green Buick in the driveway I'm home and you're in business. Watch out for the dog while I pack a few things.)

Sirs:

We're fed up with loonies who keep trying to assassinate us world leaders. We're striking back. Next time we attract a crowd, don't be surprised if one of us takes out a gun and starts shooting some innocent bystander. The way we figure it, it's either us or them.

World Leaders
In a snit

Sirs:

Ronald Reagan is the president of the United States, the English fight the Argentines over some tiny little dumb island, Pia Zadora receives a Golden Globe Award, Ed McMahon is a multi-millionaire, Merv Griffin is a big star with his own production company, and John Hinckley's desire to play pro football for the Denver Broncos makes wire-service headlines across America. Who said I have no sense of humor?

God
In His Heaven

Sirs:

Shit. Eubie Blake is dead. I was going to do a duet album with him. I even talked Linda into letting him play some of the piano solos.

Paul McCartney
London Town



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And it's only second to one.

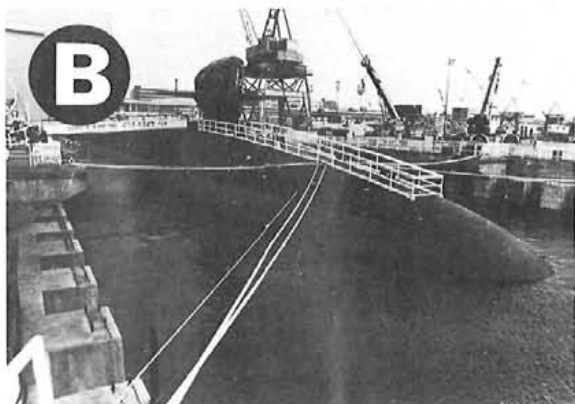


Diamond Collection: RX-735.

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Sirs:

One of the questions asked of me is what to do if, when dining at a friend's home, you discover a bug in your food. You're put in a delicate position; you've lost your appetite, yet you don't want to hurt the host's feelings by not eating. Probably the best way to deal with such an occurrence is to excuse yourself from the table, as if you need to use the bathroom, then sneak out the back door and run like crazy.

Miss Manners
Rude Awakening, Pa.

Sirs:

You know what I call an old Raggedy Ann doll with a rock in her mouth? A dirty cotton rock sucker. What do you call it?

George Zufelt
East Berlin, Wis.

Sirs:

It is with great concern that we write you yet again, this time on behalf of our client Mr. Merv Griffin, who wishes to make it known once and for all that he *might* be a "mincing, unrepentant homosexual" (*National Lampoon*, September '81) but then again he might *not*. This statement represents no deliberate equivocation on our client's part but rather a carefully considered attempt by

Mr. Griffin to avoid suing himself for libel. You see, if Mr. Griffin were to state that he *is* homosexual, he would be legally justified in filing suit against himself for defamation of character and loss of income, especially as it would no doubt do serious damage to his career as a television talk-show host. On the other hand, if he were to *deny* the allegation, he might be able to sue himself for deliberately proffering false statements and misinformation. Since the truth of the matter can be known only to Mr. Griffin and his mostly male friends, the publication of such an assertion (one way or the other) without proper evidence or corroboration can only be construed as libel, injurious to Mr. Griffin's public career as an entertainer and to his private life as an unmarried fifty-five-year-old male without a girlfriend in sight.

Finally, gentlemen, and with all due levity, if Mr. Griffin *were* to sue himself, he would look pretty darn silly in court, constantly running back and forth between the plaintiff's and respondent's tables, suing himself and defending himself at the same time.

We trust you will consider our position carefully and come to act in sound judgment.

Lites, Kamera, and Acshun
Attorneys-at-Law

Sirs:

I'm a rich obnoxious guy. I have silver hair, a deep tan, and I like to throw my weight around. I drink, I tell loud jokes, I wear gold chains, and I park my Mercedes where I want when I want because I'm just that kind of guy.

A Rich Obnoxious Guy
Bel Air, Calif.

Sirs:

Last summer, while I was on vacation in Europe, I noticed that they don't put mottoes on their license plates there like we do in the U.S., and I got to wondering why—why they didn't say stuff like "America's Dairyland" or "Land of Lincoln" or "Live Free or Die"—and finally I figured it out. What could they say on their plates? They have nothing to be proud of. They're stupid foreigners. Driving stupid foreign cars. In a stupid foreign land.

Thank God I'm home.

Bob White
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Sirs:

I'm a commercial-airline pilot with more than twenty years of experience, but something happened the other day that was so weird I just had to sit and write someone about it. I was flying my 747 over the Atlantic as usual. We passed through a bank of clouds. Suddenly, we heard a sickening thud. The plane had crashed into a cloud. The damn thing was solid. Fortunately, although we lost several thousand feet of altitude in only seconds, my crew and I were able to right the plane and continue on course. Somebody up in the sky was apparently playing a trick, placing a steel cloud in the sky and camouflaging it to look like an ordinary cloud. Maybe it was just some kids having fun, but I for one don't think it was so funny.

Captain Raymond Woods
Aboard a 747

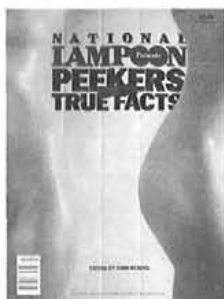
Sirs:

The last time I was in La Honda I was freaked out of my ever-loving gourd on acid and IT-290, listening to a fellow named Neal Cassady rap about old car transmissions and watching this Kesey character in a panama hat swirling through a neon rose strobe light. I had just regained consciousness and was lying beneath a Day-Glo pine tree when a local bandleader, Jerry Garcia, brought me a tattooed biker and a handful of bennies for breakfast. It was a groove, to say the least, *being on the bus*.

Nancy Reagan
The White House



Product Bargain Bonanza!



● **National Lampoon's Peekers and Other True Facts**
The latest special edition off the *Nat Lamp* presses. All of this stuff actually happened, although the book hasn't been notarized. (BO-1038) \$2.95

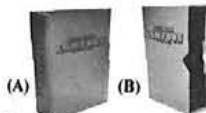
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THAT'S NOT FUNNY.

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Sirs:

Nude game-show-theme-music dancing, right? Right. That's what us girls from Redondo Beach have on our minds practically all the time. We love to turn on the TV, slip out of our clothes, and wait until a game-show theme comes on. Got to go now, I hear "Sale of the Century" coming on.

The Girls of Redondo Beach
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Remember those dumb Troll dolls you threw into the garbage can during spring cleaning in the sixties? Well, we all died and turned blue from exposure.

Smurfs
Mattel, Inc.

Sirs:

Here in Pennsylvania we take our high school football seriously, but the wife and I could only chortle at the unwitting double entendres that one radio sportscaster spouted as he related events from a recent game in our area. Here are some of the lines that amused both of us during the broadcast of a game between Beaver High School (Pa.) and Intercourse High (Pa.).

"Beaver will receive the ball, and Intercourse will choose the direction.... Beaver now leads, 14-0. With Beaver way on top, you have to wonder if Intercourse can come from behind.... Suddenly Beaver appears rather tight, so you can expect Intercourse to open things up a bit.... Intercourse has been repeatedly successful going up the

middle, and now a dispirited Beaver begins to look flat.... You have to wonder, with Beaver getting licked like this, if Intercourse will even be on the schedule next year."

Well, hope you caught the double meanings! Hee! Hee!

The Reverend Charles Marsh
Black Lick, Pa.

Sirs:

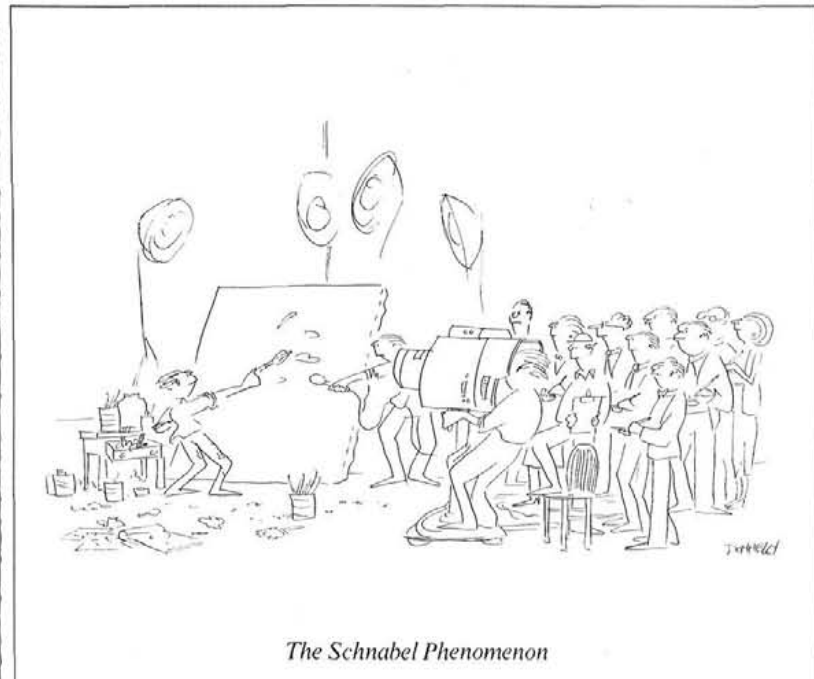
If Senator John Glenn were drafted back into the space program for the duration of the next election, it would be a graphic demonstration of how our older citizens can still be of great use to society. Also, there's a crying need for elder space statesmen, now that I think about it.

Senator Edward Kennedy
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

If Larry Holmes were literary criticism, then you wouldn't have to sit in a boring library on a Tuesday night reading some stupid book. Instead, you could just fly to Vegas, go up to him before the big fight at Caesars Palace, and say, "Hey, champ, what about the concept of fatalism in the works of Thomas Hardy?" Then he'd explain it to you and go "Say, you come all the way out here to ask me that smart question. Why don't you sit at ringside and watch me whip this turkey, and then we'll do some hookers afterward." And that would be neat.

Someone Sitting in a Library
Westwood, Calif.



The Schnabel Phenomenon

Sirs:

In keeping with our campaign to rid this country of its eyesight by the year 2000, the Great Poke-Out will begin when you hear the whistle.

Jerzy Sneets
Corpus Christi, Tex.

Sirs:

All right, so I made a mistake, okay? Okay. You know, sometimes things just get out of hand, but it's nobody's fault, am I right? Sure. So let's just forgive and forget, and I won't let it happen again. Promise.

Jack Henry Abbott
Back at the Famous Writers' Prison

Sirs:

Did you know that Jack London, at the time of his death in 1916, had a sizable working ranch in northern California where he developed a great number of agricultural innovations? One of them, considered a marvel of its time, was an enormous round facility London called the "Pig Palace," where he supposedly raised hundreds of pigs in spacious stone cells arranged like spokes around a central feed and water station. Close inspection, however, reveals that no pigs were ever quartered there. It appears that London promulgated this notion to disguise the true nature of his so-called Pig Palace—in actuality a chamber of horrors where the beloved nature author tortured and performed hideous medical experiments on thousands of Alaskan sledge dogs. In one of his cruelest diversions, London would starve the dogs, set wolves and bears on them, buffet them with ice and snow, beat them, snare them in steel traps, and then release them half dead into the light of day, where the animals, believing they had survived the most brutal of ordeals, were surprised by a hail of bullets that London and his wife, Charmian, would unleash from a special brick bunker constructed solely for that purpose. Just thought you'd like to know the real facts.

Bob Stapely
President
We Hate Jack London Society
Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:

I tried the NBA, but all the players were too busy snorting cocaine to notice me. Then I tried the golf tour, but all those great-looking blond guys have cutesy but snotty wives. So, tell me, do you think bowlers would be interested in a groupie?

Suzy Holliday
Huntington Beach, Calif.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40)

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MORE FUN THAN RUM...

Anything rum can do, Malibu can do better.

If you like rum and cola, wait until you taste Malibu and cola. The same goes for tonic, fruit juice and anything else you mix with rum.

Plus, Malibu is refreshing straight or on the rocks. Some say the hint of tropical coconut is what makes it so smooth.

One thing is certain. Malibu is more fun than rum.

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ULTRA LIGHTS: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar",
0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Winston. America's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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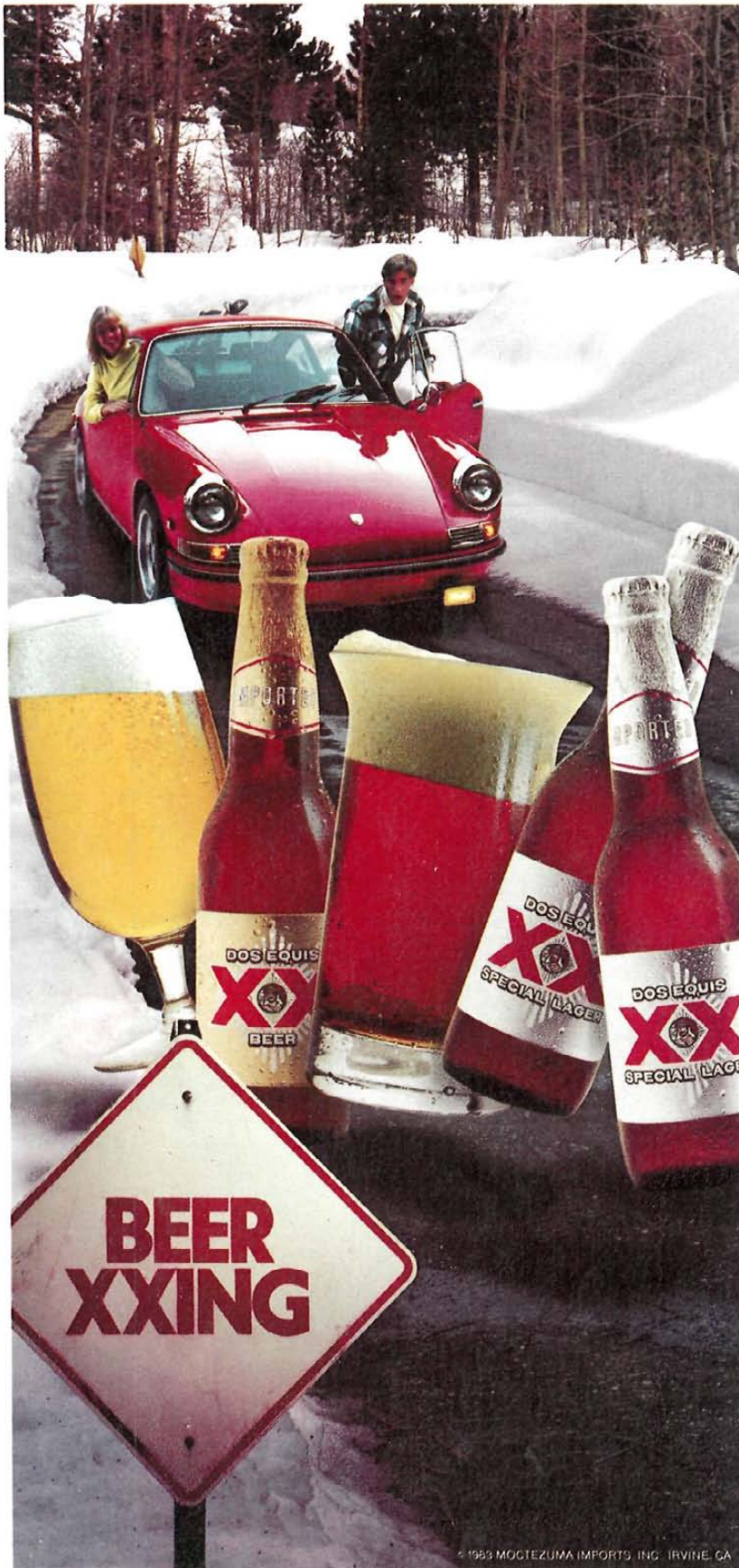


Join the first team.
Reach for Winston.



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LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36)

Sirs:

What we got here in North America is called an Oil Glut. It don't look too bad, but we're gonna have to take her into the shop. You can have her back by, say, Tuesday...if I can get the parts.

Ken Daffney
Daffney's Body & Fender
Wainscott, Calif.

Sirs:

And now a few years with Andy Rooney: "Hi, honey. What's for dinner?" "Tuna casserole. Andy." "Have you ever noticed that tuna casserole describes itself? Why don't they do this with other dishes? Fish frying pan, for instance. Or lobster pot of boiling water. And why don't we throw rabbits into boiling water? Or pick up baby elephants and drop them in boiling water? Have you ever noticed that elephants strangle the peanut before they eat it?" "I can't stand it any longer, I want a divorce!" "Have you ever noticed that the Shell Oil sign rotates? How come other signs don't rotate? Maybe the people at Shell Oil want to keep their foreheads cool and breezy. I don't know why. Do you know why?" "Get away from me! You're crazy!" "Have you ever noticed that no one ever actually uses those aluminum fish molds they hang on their walls? Put the steak knife down, Junie.... I mean really, who makes those fish molds? Does Al Haig make the fish molds? Ouch! Have you ever noticed I'm bleeding to death?" Klunk.

The Rooney Marriage
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Titties! Titties! Titties! Sequins!
Titties!

Charo

Sirs:

What weighs four hundred pounds, lies in the ground, and wins the Pulitzer Prize? I'll give you a clue: it's me.

John Kennedy Toole
The Great Confederacy of
Dunces in the Sky

Sirs:

I've built a branch campus of my university over in the Oklahoma panhandle that offers a curriculum comparable to that offered by my Tulsa campus. Please write for a free catalog and an application.

Director of Admissions
Anal Roberts University
Buffalo Colon, Okla.

Now Offering Shirts and Fine Sweaters from

FROG

The Frog family of fine apparel is proud to announce the introduction of the **Frog Sweater**. The Frog Sweater comes in three sizes and is a legend for its softness, warmth, and style. And Frog Clothing continues to offer the **Frog Polo Shirt**. Both shirt and sweater sport the distinctive symbol of the Frog line, a double-amputee frog.

The unfortunate frog is your assurance that you have purchased the very finest. Wear your shirt with pride—with or without a Frog Sweater over it—whether you yourself have legs or not.

Frog Sweaters and Shirts are available only by mail. The price? Sweaters are just \$19.95 plus postage and handling. Polo shirts are \$12.95 (white) or \$13.95 (blue or yellow) plus postage and handling. Order your sweater and/or shirt today and ensure yourself of the respect your taste and discernment deserve.



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National Lampoon offers the most prestigious shirts and sweaters in America, and at a price prestigious people can afford.

Please send me ___ (WHITE) National Lampoon Frog Shirts at \$12.95 each, plus \$1.50 for postage and handling.

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Please send me ___ (BLUE) and/or ___ (YELLOW) National Lampoon Frog Shirts at \$13.95 each, plus \$1.50 for postage and handling.

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Please send me ___ (GRAY) and/or ___ (BLACK) National Lampoon Frog Sweaters at \$19.95 each, plus \$2.00 for postage and handling.

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Polo shirts available in:



White



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Gray



Black

Frog logo
by cartoonist
Sam Gross

Sirs:

Needed to complete collection:
An egg hitting Princess Caroline in
the nipple.

Cheryl Ladd chewing glass at eighty
miles per hour with wind chimes in the
background.

The Sound Collector
Box 304
Pablo, Okla.

Sirs:

We are Sheldonites. We worship an
eight-by-ten autographed glossy of the
novelist Sidney Sheldon, and we take
every word of *The Other Side of Mid-*
night to be literally true.

The Sheldonites
Paperback, Calif.

Sirs:

I am the First Class Private of the
Army of Argentina Guillermo
Himmler who is now upon the Fuck-
lands Islands in searches of the fucks we
are told are abundant here more than
have been seen ever by anyone. All of
the fucks will be ours, the general was
saying to us before we have made the
invasion, but once that we are here on

this island we ask where are these
fucks? Each day of our patrolling and
reconnaissance there are no signs of one
fuck at all, not to mention even a few.
Have the Englands people hidden them
or evacuated them on their submarines?
Or has there been a mistake in the infor-
mation of our general? Do you know
where we could find some fucks? There
are as many as eight thousand of us and
we are not wanting to be disappointed
any longer.

Pfc. Guillermo Himmler
2nd Ptn., D Co., 1st Batt., 2nd Div.
Argentine Occupation Forces
Fucklands Islands, Argentina

Sirs:

Pending notification of correct pre-
sent address, we are holding royalty
checks for the following: Chris Barber's
Jazz Band, Neon Philharmonic, Dicky
Doo and the Don'ts, Mark Dinning,
Question Mark and the Mysterians,
Ron Holden, Dante and the Ever-
greens, and Carl Dobkins, Jr. Anyone
knowing their whereabouts should no-
tify me.

Jane Wilson
ASCAP

Sirs:

I was in Wyoming recently and saw
the oddest thing. A man on horseback
was herding about two hundred Filipi-
nos into a corral. Then he dismounted
and entered a large ranch house. Mean-
while, the two hundred Filipinos
roamed around the corral, grazing and
mumbling in Tagalog. Frankly, I don't
know what to make of it.

A Concerned Citizen
Wyoming

Sirs:

Say what you will about the bumpy
streets of New York, but I drove
through the city last weekend and for
the first time in ages both my car stereo
speakers work.

Danny Minor
Atlantic City

Sirs:

I think it's about time I came clean,
and since none of my female viewing
audience reads your magazine, I figure
this is the place to do it. In reality, I'm
just a normal guy. I like to drink beer,
smoke cigars, play poker with the boys,
and make crude jokes. I bowl, I watch
TV, my favorite movie is *The Green*
Berets, and my favorite meal a steak so
rare it squeals when you try to cut it. I
swear. I spit. I urinate standing up—I
love being a man, I love America, and I
hate loudmouthed broads, blacks with
guns, pushy Jews, all the French, and
Alan Alda. I never cry; rather, I get even.
But what am I to do? I make millions
from my TV show by pandering to
women no other man will listen to. Still,
I plan to make it up to you guys. As
soon as I can get the money, I'm going
to buy a whole mess of football teams
and steak joints and bowling alleys and
bars and warehouses and shooting
ranges and open them up for free to any
regular guy—and then we all will see
just how long it takes us to run through
all that dough I picked up from all those
dumb broads.

Phil Donahue
Just another one of
the boys—honest!

Sirs:

I use my new seven-hundred-dollar
car stereo to get the finest sound from
my favorite station, the one that broad-
casts the airport traffic reports. Man,
there's nothing I love more than driving
down the freeway and finding out the
parking availability at Lot 4, or the
amount of congestion on Century
Boulevard, or which building American
Airlines is located in.

Biff Skidby
Los Angeles, Calif.



Sirs:

After twenty-seven years of meditation and mystical introspection, I have finally reached enlightenment, and I'll tell you right now, it's not all it's cracked up to be. You know how you feel about an hour after you take a Contac capsule, kind of tired and dizzy? Well, that's about what enlightenment is like, only you understand the nature of the universe. That's it. No light shows; nothing. Big deal, right? My advice to young Yogis and Zen Buddhists wishing to achieve total awareness is this: Don't bother—it really isn't worth it. Computers are the thing to get into these days, not spiritualism.

Baba Paul Ahern-O-Rama
The cosmos

Sirs:

The age of the backseat makeout is truly over. What Billy Graham once decried as being "nothing but fast-moving bedrooms on wheels" have become nothing more than "cupboards on transverse-engined X frames." Just as the once mighty buffalo herds were ceaselessly hunted until they slipped into the sad dream of history like so much dust, so has the once proud American thunder bucket slipped, hunted out of existence by hordes of tiny, foreign-inspired compact cars, in the backs of which a pair of tricky midgets couldn't fuck. Another great American pastime gone to its grave.

Henry Ford II

Sirs:

As a midget, I deeply resent being used by Mr. Ford to insult small cars. There, you see? *Small* cars. Not "midget" cars. Mr. Ford's statements were insulting, degrading, and prejudiced. Furthermore, he was incorrect. I can't even jack off in the back of an Escort.

A Small Person
Detroit

Sirs:

For years I, like yourselves, have wondered about that darn purse Queen Elizabeth always carries around. She doesn't need any cash or credit cards. She probably would never apply makeup in public. She's not the type to carry illicit drugs. So after serious thought, I've concluded that she must be carrying one bag of seashells, twelve paper clips, and a crazed Albanian dwarf named Cecil whom she lets out to pinch Princess Di's buns on the reviewing stand during parades.

Michael Fagan
London, England

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 87)



Write us if you'd like a booklet describing what you'll see on the distillery tour...rain or no rain.

SOME DAYS, visitors to Jack Daniel's are surprised to hear they're in a dry county.

It's "dry" because we aren't allowed to sell (or drink) our whiskey here. But as everyone knows, we make a good deal of it. And we enjoy taking folks from one end of our hollow to the other to show them how it's done. Of course, there's no guaranteeing perfect weather. But if you visit our distillery sometime soon, we're certain you'll have a nice day.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED



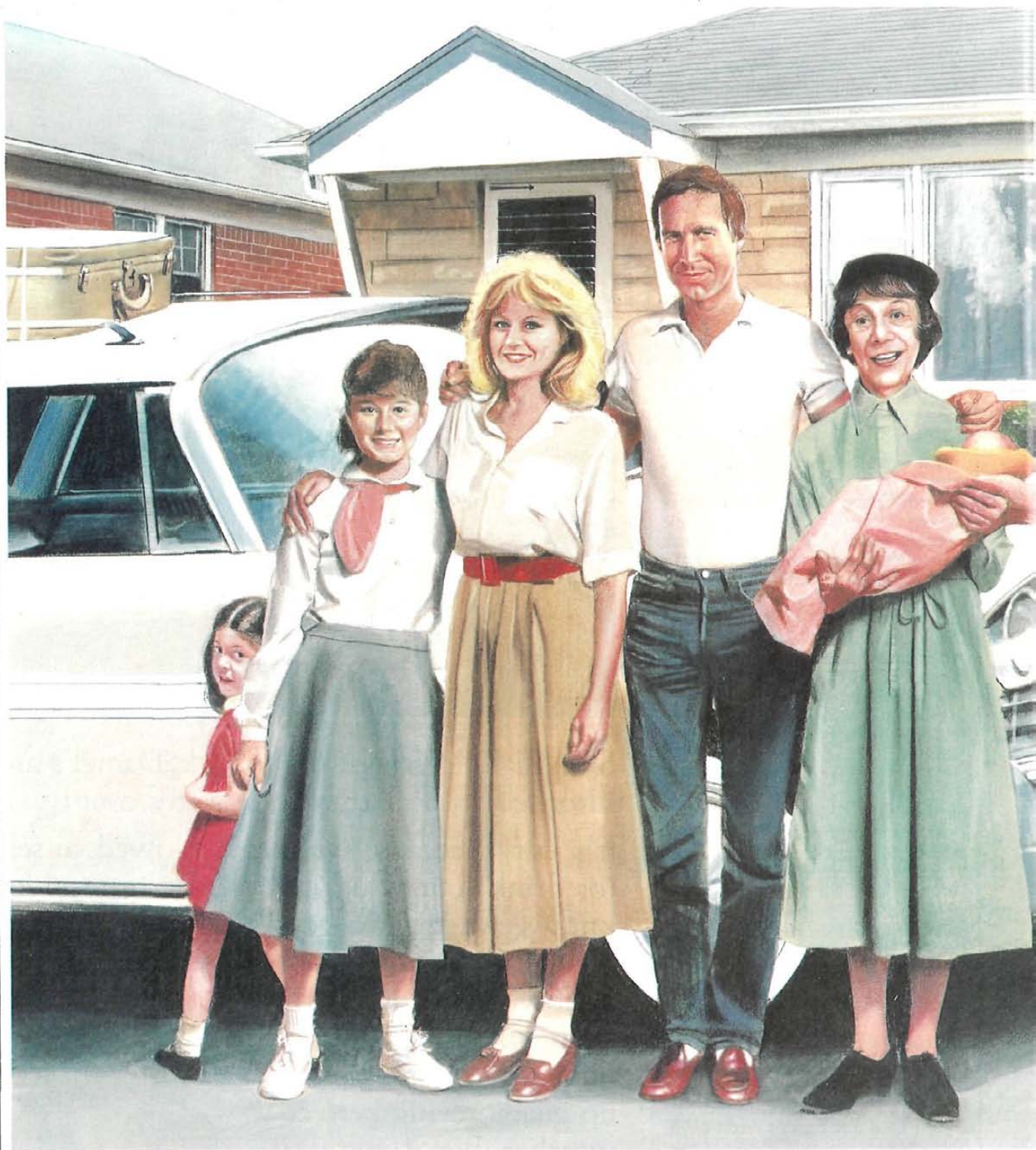
DROP



BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.



Vacation



'58

Illustration: Alan Reingold

If Dad hadn't shot Walt Disney in the leg, it would have been our best vacation ever.

We were going to Disneyland. It was a dream come true. The rides! The thrills! The Mouseketeers! I was so excited that I spent the whole month of May feeling like I had to go to the bathroom. When school finally let out on a Tuesday, I sprinted home as fast as I could, even though we weren't leaving until Friday.

Dad picked up our brand-new 1958 Plymouth Sport Suburban Six station wagon on Thursday morning. The speedometer had only six and threenths miles on it. Dad said that it would be a pleasure to travel for six days in a car that smelled as good as our new Plymouth. It was nice to see Dad excited about our trip. For months Mom had to act moody and beg to get him to drive out to California. "What good will it do the kids to see their country from an airplane seat?" she wanted to know. Finally, Dad gave in and said we would get a station wagon and drive the 2,448 miles from 74 Rivard Boulevard, Grosse Pointe, Michigan, to 1313 Harbor Boulevard, Anaheim, California.

It took almost all day Friday to pack the car. Dad loaded and unloaded it again and again to save a square foot here, a square inch there. Then he simonized the car and hung litter bags in the front and back seats, attached a compass to the dashboard, and put a first-aid kit in the glove compartment. Then he called everyone outside to take one item apiece out of the car so he could close the back.

After dinner, Dad ran the Plymouth up to Richie's Marathon Service to gas up and have Richie check under the hood to see if everything was A-OK. When Dad backed out of the driveway the car scraped bottom. Not a little scrape but a *scrrrrrrraaaaaape!*

Dad got back at 8:00. We heard the *scrrrrraaaaaape!* and knew it was him. Richie had said that everything was beautiful under the hood. The car was gassed up, there was plenty of oil, the tire pressure was perfect, the AAA

maps were organized in the glove compartment, and the speedometer read exactly 20.00 miles.

"Okay, all you Indians! Time for bed!" Mom said.

"But it's only 8:30!" I protested.

"We have to get up at 4:00 in the morning! I want to make Chicago by lunch!" Dad said, shooin' us upstairs.

THE TELEPHONE RANG AT 9:45 the next morning. It was Grandpa Pete calling to see why we hadn't gone yet. We had all overslept—even the baby. Dad was furious. I could hear him screaming and pounding his fists on the bathroom sink.

"We're five hours behind schedule!" he yelled. "And we haven't even left the goddamn house!"

"I wasn't the one who sat up all night rearranging the suitcases!" Mom yelled back.

Everyone hurried downstairs, dressed and ready to go.

"We don't need breakfast, Mom," I said.

"I'm still full from last night," Patty said, grinning in a way that she hoped would calm Dad. He was even angrier after he had tried to shave real fast.

Mom insisted that we all sit down and have a good breakfast, and Dad argued that no one ever died from skipping *one* breakfast. We gobbled down our pancakes and bacon and chugged our juice. Dad sat outside in the car revving the engine. By the time we were ready to leave, the car had stopped, and Dad couldn't get it going again.

"Goddamn Plymouth Motors! I should have gone with a Ford—they know how to make an ignition! These damn Plymouths!"

"Just calm down, Clark!" Mom snarled. "You're making the whole neighborhood smell of gasoline!"

After we sat for five minutes quietly listening to Dad breathe in and out of his nose, the car started and we backed

out of the driveway. Mr. McMillan came running up to the car.

"Hey! You folks left your sprinkler on!"

Not only had we left the sprinkler on, but when we got to the Edsel Ford Expressway, Mom said she thought she had left the oven on, and we had to turn around and go all the way back home, only to find that she hadn't left it on. While Mom was inside the house checking the oven, the phone rang. It was Aunt Catherine calling to say that Great-aunt Edythe needed a ride to her son's house in Tucson, Arizona, and would we mind taking her since we were going in that general direction anyway.

It looked like we were finally on our way when Mom said that it was almost lunchtime and we could save some money by having lunch at home.

She had thrown out all the milk so that it wouldn't sour and smell up the refrigerator, so Dad had to go up to Kroger's and get a fresh quart. That took almost an hour, because Dad locked the keys in the car by accident and had to wreck the vent window to get in.

Dad was so exhausted from being mad all morning that when he got home he said we would leave the next day.

"But I told Catherine that we would be there on Sunday, and if we lose today and tonight we won't make it," Mom said.

"Call her back and tell her we'll see her on Monday instead."

"Well," Mom said cautiously, "Auntie Edythe wants to be in Tucson by Wednesday."

"What?"

"I told Catherine that we would drive Auntie Edythe to Normie's in Tucson. It's on our way, and she's such a sweet thing."

DAD DIDN'T SAY A WORD until we reached Battle Creek, and then all he said was "Shut up back there!"

He made up a rule about not eating in the car, and he wouldn't let us listen to the radio or roll down the windows. All through Michigan he went over the speed limit, except when we went under bridges and past clumps of trees where a state police car might be hiding. I wanted desperately to belt Patty for not sharing the Jujubes she was sneaking. She had brought along a whole bunch of stuff she'd bought with baby-sitting money, and she wouldn't share any of it with me. There was absolutely nothing to do but stare out the window at the moonlit fields of corn.

Mom pleaded with Dad to stop at a motel when we got to Springfield, Illinois. Several times he crossed completely over the median lines and drove in the opposite lane. Once, while going through a little town, Dad drove up on the sidewalk and ran over a bike and some toys. Mom accused him of being

asleep at the wheel, but he said he was just unfamiliar with Illinois traffic signs.

He took off his shoes, rolled down the window, turned the radio way up, and made us all sing the Michigan State fight song. But after a few minutes we were all sound asleep, our new station wagon racing down U.S. 55 like a bedroom on wheels. I don't know how far we traveled like that. Fortunately, there wasn't much traffic at that hour, so we didn't hit anything. We finally woke up when Missy asked Dad to get her a drink of water and Dad said, "Go ask Mommy, Daddy's sleeping." I heard that and so did Mom, and she screamed and Dad slammed on the brakes, and the luggage tumbled forward onto the back seat and Dad's golf clubs scattered all over the highway.

We slept beside the road for the rest of the night. When we woke we all felt miserable. Our teeth were coated with night slime, our necks were stiff, and we all had to go to the bathroom. We hadn't eaten dinner, so we were all hungry. Dad was even crabber because he hadn't had any coffee yet.

After we washed our faces and brushed our teeth at a gas station and ate breakfast, we felt a little better. Even Dad managed a smile, and when we pulled back out on the highway, he suggested a game of Auto Bingo.

WE ROLLED INTO AUNT Catherine's driveway about 10:00 P.M. She lived in Wichita, Kansas, in a farmhouse that was not on a farm but in town. She and Uncle Stan had two kids: Dale, who was my age, and Vicki, who was a year younger than Patty. I hated the two of them like I hated the flu. I was glad we were only staying the night.

I had to sleep in Dale's room on a bed that was lumpy and smelled funny. Patty and Vicki slept together and got along fine, but I think it was just because Patty was trying to act big in front of Vicki, who was a hick. The baby and Missy slept with Mom and Dad in Aunt Catherine's room. Uncle Stan was a baby about having to sleep on the couch in the family room. "I work tomorrow, you know," he said.

I didn't remember Aunt Edythe, because the last time I had seen her I was practically a baby. I tried to be polite and not register my horror when I saw her. She looked like the Mummy with a wig on. She smelled like a combination of mothballs and vitamin pills. I couldn't believe that I had to ride next to her.

"Put her by the window," Dad whispered to Mom as Uncle Stan helped Aunt Edythe into the car. "I don't want

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50)



"Al's a nice guy and everything, but never bone his wife, molest his children, and burn down his house all in the same day."



The United States Travel Association Asks: Will You Fall Prey to Double Travel Agents?



Each year millions of smiling Americans embark on vacations to distant lands, filled with dreams and traveler's checks. But tragically, many do not reach their intended destination. These are the victims of Double Travel Agents, agents who pretend to be working for you but are really working for *them*.

Double Travel Agents. They book you reservations—in the Hotel Communist Manifesto. Room service is a cup of gruel, and your wake-up shock is set for five—early enough to start your vacation in the salt mines. That's what happens when the proprietor of your hotel is a fellow named Karl Marx.

Sound grisly? For Mrs. J. P. Cutter of Austin, Texas, it was a nightmare, and when she woke up, the sheets were RED.

"I booked my trip through a new agency in town. I was going to Hawaii to take my first vacation in twenty years. You don't get to travel much when you have to keep up payments on a wheelchair. I guess I should have been suspicious of the name—Hammer and Sickle Tours—but their fares were so cheap, and Ivan said he could book me on a Supersaver straight to Honolulu. But the plane landed in Siberia, and instead of leis, I was greeted with armed guards. They gave me a pick and told me to dig for turnips in the frozen ground. My wheelchair was confiscated 'for examination by technicians,' and I was given a dilapidated child's tricycle with a crude leather 'safety strap' and two sticks to propel myself around the field. I did not receive the complimentary Continental breakfast or the 'Golden Memories' photo album."

Paul Sinclair of Lewiston, Maine, found himself in a crazy chess game—in which all the pieces were RED.

"I said, 'Hey, the Virgin Islands are supposed to be eighty-two degrees, what's going on here?' For an answer, I got a rifle butt in the small of my back. 'Da, da, Mr. American,' one of my captors proclaimed, his breath reeking of vodka and chicanery. 'We warm you up—giving smelly old women hot baths each day before your shift in the ball-bearing plant!'"

Marybeth Sinclair of Hanahan, South Carolina, was 15 Down in a crossword puzzle—a puzzle to which all the answers were RED.

"'I need the pills, they're for my heart condition!' I screamed. 'Heart condition?' the ill-shaven bureaucrat exclaimed, the goat cheese curdling on his breath. 'We've just the cure for that—two weeks attached to an experimental whirling device designed to test our cosmonaut's reflexes in outer space!'"



These horror stories could happen to you. Here are five signs to watch out for in a travel agent:

1. Your agent removes a camera from his briefcase and snaps your picture "for identification purposes:"
2. Your complimentary cocktail is offered at a bar called Comrade Hugo's.
3. Your agent smells like iron ore, or bad cheese.
4. Mention of the word "Andropov" elicits any other reaction than "I wish I had my shotgun—and some red, white, and blue shells."
5. If he wears a big woolly coat, or skis to the office.

Don't let evil agents make a fellow traveler out of you.



Twenty Things That Can Happen to Your House While You Are Away

BY FRED GRAVER



Gypsy driveway repavers discover your absence and move their twenty-seven-member extended family into your home. They willingly depart upon your return, although a steady stream of illegal aliens finds its way to your door for many months to come. Your driveway looks great, though.



The big crack in the living-room ceiling, the one that's always bugged you but would probably cost too much money to fix the right way, completely splits open. Day after day, while you're off enjoying yourself at some resort, one piece of trash after another falls slowly

onto thousands of dollars' worth of expensive furniture and antiques. Maybe there's a fire, maybe not. Either way, your insurance *won't* cover it.



The postal clerk who cheerfully takes your "Hold Mail" notice is, in fact, a member of a stolen-goods ring. When you get back, your mail is neatly bundled at the post office, and everything you own is cleverly distributed over five states.



A crew from "60 Minutes" identifies your home as the hub of cocaine traffic in North America. Mike Wallace knocks defiantly on your door and announces to his audience, "There's no

answer. Just another element in the anatomy of the cocaine menace." On your return, the heads of a dozen dead Colombians adorn your driveway.



During a major heat wave, your central-air-conditioning system kicks in. In the neat bundle of mail at the post office, you find a \$1,800 electrical bill.



The neighborhood mongrel, in the process of digging up your prizewinning rose garden, uncovers the main electrical cable to your house. He dies of a massive shock, and you are named the defendant in a \$1.5 million suit.



The quick repair job you did several months ago on the garbage disposal, when you tucked the "loose thing" into the "big pipe," and which you've been meaning to "do the right way" one of these days, snaps apart, spraying seventy-five pounds of sludge around your kitchen.



The complete living room/dinette set that the department store promised would "absolutely, positively not" be delivered for eight weeks is deposited on your front lawn the day after you leave. It sits undisturbed, until local children remove the boxes to make forts and other toys, leaving the furniture exposed to three days of the hardest

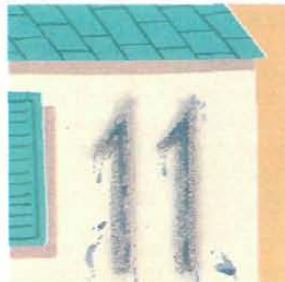
rain your area has had in years.



Your somewhat quiet, unassuming neighbor, who is in fact a psychopathic killer of grocery-store delivery boys, decides that he already has too many bodies in *his* basement, and moves seventeen into yours.



A bald eagle makes its nest in your chimney. Your property is designated a national park, and you are permanent hosts to a group of Save the Wildlife-Audubon Society watchdogs.



Neighborhood vandals take a big swipe at your house. They spray-paint your outside walls, smash your windows, run the garden hose (which your son promised had been put away) through your bedroom window, and chain-saw three trees in your front yard. The next night, they come back for some *real* fun.



The local volunteer fire department is mysteriously summoned to a raging blaze at your home on the night of their annual barbecue. They cause \$40,000 worth of damage discovering that, in fact, there was no fire.



Two hours after the volunteer fire department leaves, everything in your workshop that is even mildly combustible blows up. Miraculously, the fire doesn't spread any further than the room where you store your snow tires, although the faint smell of burning rubber inhabits all of your family's clothing.



The kid you've paid the maximum neighborhood rate to keep your lawn mowed and weeds pulled while you're away forgets to mention that his family is going on vacation at the same time as yours. Encouraged by the new growth of lush vegetation, a pack of

wild dogs makes its home in your backyard.



The guy across the street, whom you asked to keep an eye on the house, has a few drinks one night and gets a little curious. Using the emergency keys you gave him, he goes in and, while "just peeking around" the bedroom, discovers the legally registered handgun you keep in the nightstand. Just for fun, he holds up a liquor store with it and, in his panicked escape, drops the gun. You are picked up in the middle of your vacation by state troopers for armed robbery.



American Indians reclaim your entire suburb.

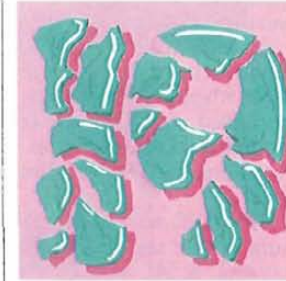


Your moronic brother-in-law drops by to see you. He walks around the house, trying to see if you're home or "just kidding me that you were out, like last time." He trips on your built-in sprin-

kler and successfully sues you for two million dollars.



That weird circuit in your garage-door opener goes on the fritz and causes the door to open every time your next-door neighbor watches NBC. Fortunately, your neighbor—like most Americans—rarely tunes in NBC.



The high-tech Swiss timers you installed malfunction and turn your house lights on and off at random thirty-second intervals. An overzealous policeman investigates and shoots an "incredibly threatening" Ming vase.



Idi Amin takes over your property and declares it Uganda II. After he scares away the rest of the neighborhood by threatening to eat the children, he denies you entrance into your house, claiming that you lack the proper papers. He captures your daughter as you leave, and eats her. ■

Vacation '58

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46)
her to upchuck on the seats."

"She can't sit by the window!" Mom snapped. "She might fall out."

We were ready to go when Dale came around the side of the house with a beagle on a leash.

"Here he is, Uncle Clark," he said. "All walked and everything!"

"Who is he?" Dad asked.

"Auntie Edythe's dog. His name is Dinkie," Dale said. "He's neat. He watches 'Ed Sullivan.'"

We had to rearrange the seating so that the dog would be way in the back. Mom didn't want him near the baby. She was afraid the dog might bite his face or lick his breath away. So we ended up with the baby in the front, the dog in the back, Patty next to the window, Missy beside her, then Aunt Edythe, and then me by the other window. Aunt Edythe was pressed right up against me so tight I could feel her nose breath on my arm.

At Mullinville we jogged northwest about twenty miles across the Arkansas River, which wasn't as much a river as a gash filled with water the color of beef broth. I tried to spit in it as we crossed, but succeeded only in "frogging" my cheek.

"You don't want to take Highway 50," Aunt Edythe said to Dad. "You want to stay on U.S. 54."

"We're going to Dodge City," Dad shouted so that Aunt Edythe could

hear.

"Why in heavens would you want to go to that filthy, dirty tourist trap?"

Unfortunately, Aunt Edythe was right about Dodge City. It wasn't the authentic frontier town I had dreamed it would be. It was sort of like St. Clair Shores, Michigan, only dustier and minus a lake. There were used-car lots named after Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday and trailer homes right in town. The Long Branch Saloon smelled like popcorn and toilet ice. Dad refused to pay seventy-five cents for a beer, so we left.

"If you really want to see something," Aunt Edythe said in an "I told you so" voice, "you get back on U.S. 54 like I told you before and go down to Liberal and see the House of Mud. It's entirely made out of mud, and it's really something to see!"

There was no House of Mud. At one time, a gas station attendant told us, there was a House of Mud, but just after World War I it caved in, killing the curator and his family.

"If you want to see something special," he said, "go back to Mullinville and take Highway 50 up to Dodge City."

At first glance, Oklahoma looked the same as Kansas. At second and third glance, it also looked like Kansas. Even after Dad pointed out that the portion of Oklahoma that we were traveling through was one of the nation's top producers of fossils and dinosaur bones, it still looked like Kansas. As a matter of fact, it looked like Kansas deep

into Texas, where we stopped for the night.

The Ranger Inn was like my friend Earl Denkinger's attic bedroom in his stepfather's house. It had a rug made out of rags, cowboy beds, a horseshoe on the door, a bathtub with feet, a chipped mirror, and only half a roll of toilet paper. The rooms were so small that Dad had to get three. Aunt Edythe and her dog had one room; Mom, Dad, and Mark had another; and Missy, Patty, and I had the other. Although it was sort of scary being alone in a strange room, it gave me an opportunity to bash Patty for being so stingy with her Milk Duds.

EVERYONE EXCEPT AUNT Edythe was real cheerful when we got in the car the next day. Her arthritis was flaring up, and she claimed that it would kill her before we got to Tucson.

"Beans, baloney, and horseflies!" Dad said under his breath to Mom. "No one ever died from stiff fingers."

"Don't be so sure, Mr. Know-It-All," Aunt Edythe barked. She swatted Dad with her *Reader's Digest*.

Dad's face turned as red as the flashing highway-patrol lights behind us. That's the way it is with old people; claiming they are hard of hearing, they make you shout, but as soon as you say something about them, they can hear 100 percent. Later on Dad told me that Aunt Edythe could hear an ant fart, but set an H-bomb off in her drawers and she wouldn't hear a thing.

The flashing red light got closer and closer. Dad edged over to let the patrolman pass, but he didn't want to pass. He wanted Dad to pull over.

"I haven't gone over seventy miles per hour," Dad said.

"Well, he's not stopping you to chat," Mom said in her voice that sounds pleasant to children but nasty to adults.

Dad pulled over and reached for his wallet. The cop came to the window. "What's the problem, Officer?" Dad asked, offering his driver's license.

"You better step out of the car for a moment, sir."

Dad got out of the car and walked around behind it. His mouth dropped open and his eyes showed white. I jumped into the back and looked out the rear window. It was the most sickening thing I'd ever seen in my life. Aunt Edythe's dog was lying on the ground behind the car. He was flat on his belly with his legs out to the sides and his neck stretched out, so that he looked like a beagle version of a bear rug. There was a wide red trail leading up to his body.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)

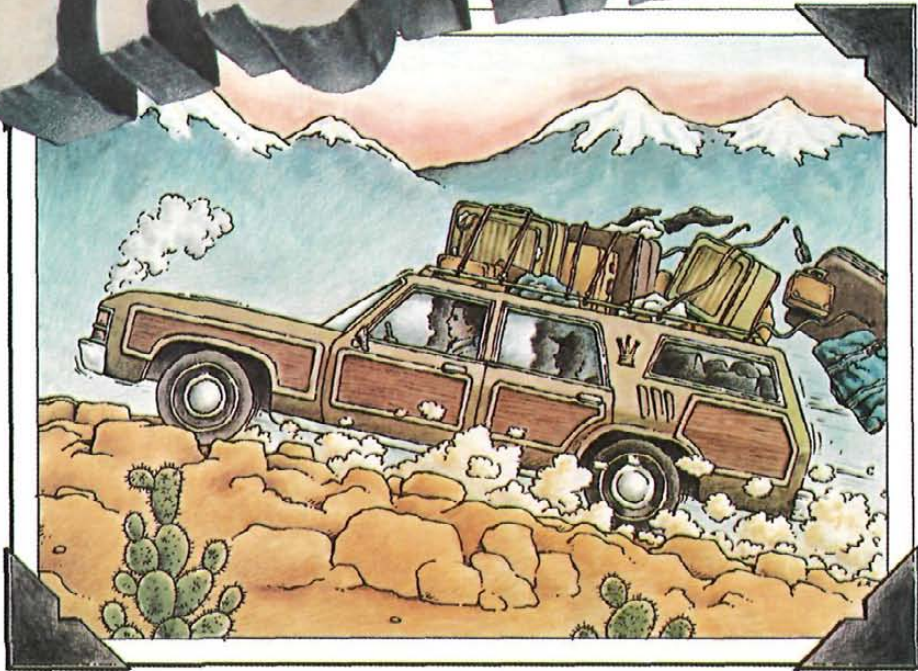


"Sorry, but when it comes to politics, I'm a complete idiot."

Löwenbräu presents

**NATIONAL
LAMPOON'S**

VACATION



SUMMER CALENDAR

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NATIONAL
LAMPOON'S

WACCAWORLD

FROM WARNER BROS.
A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY





BORIS

Enter Löwenbräu's "How I Spent My Craziest Summer Vacation" Contest and win a vacation to London.



Remember all the times you got to write how you spent your summer vacation? Well, this is your chance to do it again and this time it could win you and a friend an exciting vacation to London. The person who writes the craziest essay on their summer vacation, real or fictitious, in 150 words or less is the winner. The winning essay will appear in *National Lampoon*.

Your essay must not in any way copy "National Lampoon's Vacation" movie, starring Chevy Chase, distributed by Warner Bros. See the official rules on the calendar.

May the craziest, zaniest, looniest

summer vacation win.

GRAND PRIZE.

A fabulous week-long vacation for two to historic London, England. You'll receive \$2,000 in spending money, round-trip air fare for two on **British Airways**, plus deluxe accommodations for seven days/six nights at the luxurious Selfridge, an elegant four-star hotel set in the heart of London's west end. The exclusive shops along Oxford Street and the exciting shows in the theatre district are all just a short walk away. All travel arrangements will be provided by **Thomas Cook Travel**, the world's largest travel organization.

1ST PRIZE.



1 **Metzeler** Raystar GT inflatable sport boat with a 30 hp **Mariner** outboard motor. Tough and durable, this boat stows easily in your trunk.

2ND PRIZE.

1 **Metzeler** Juca inflatable sport boat with sail and 9.9 hp **Mariner** outboard motor. Practical and fun, this portable boat goes anywhere under either sail or power.



3RD PRIZE.

1 **Löwenbräu** Windsurfer with sail. A 12' fiberglass board with 14' mast, this windsurfer is championship quality.

And this is one contest where the prizes almost never end. Other winners will receive the following:



6 sets of **MacGregor** Heritage golf clubs with bags.

24 **Titane Gold** mid-sized tennis rackets by **Slazenger**.



HANIMEX



24 **Hanimex** HSP 2200 portable stereo cassette players with power speakers.

STRUCTO

24 **Structo** tabletop Gas Grills with Grid'L Top.



RICOH



24 **Ricoh** KR-5 Super 35mm Cameras.

100 pairs of **Converse** PHAETON or SELENA (men's or women's) running shoes.



CONVERSE

Plus 200 **Löwenbräu** "VACATION" survival kits including **Bic** Pen, **Bic** Razor, **Bic** Lighter, **Sea & Ski** Suntan Lotion, **Agfachrome** 100 film, **Ray-o-vac** Disposable Flashlight, **Slazenger** Tennis Ball, **MacGregor** Golf Ball, "Vacation" T-shirt, a **Löwenbräu** Sun Visor and a **Löwenbräu** Canvas Sport Bag.



© 1983 Beer Brewed in U.S.A. by Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI

Here's to good friends.

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Vacation '58

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50)

"We have anti-cruelty laws in this state," the cop told Dad.

"My God, you can't think I'd do a thing like that on purpose!" Dad protested, looking away from the carcass. "I tied the dog's leash to the bumper while I put my wife's aunt in the car. It takes so long to get her in and out, I guess I forgot about him."

The cop bought Dad's explanation. He knelt down and tenderly examined the dog.

"I had one of these when I was a boy," he said with a sad smile. "From the looks of his footpads I'd say this little guy kept up with you for half a mile or so."

After the cop pulled away, Dad untied the leash from the bumper and got back in the car. He just drove away, telling everyone that we had a loose license plate and the cop was helping fix it. He must have figured Aunt Edythe wouldn't miss the dog now if she hadn't missed him all day.

ON WEDNESDAY WE GOT off to a good, early start. Dad had consented to a side trip to Carlsbad Caverns. Carlsbad, Mom explained, was the largest cave in the world and New Mexico's only national park.

Mom took out all the maps and spread them across the front seat. Mark got ahold of one corner of the map and sucked it soft from Kermit, Texas, to Artesia, New Mexico, including Carlsbad. His tongue was spotted black with trip planner's ink, which Mom was afraid might be poisonous. Dad pointed out that thousands of kids suck on maps and that the government wouldn't let the auto club use poison ink. It didn't make much difference whether or not the map was wrecked because no map showed the road we were on. We had gotten on it by mistake after missing a couple of detour-this-way signs. After a few miles, we drove off a cliff.

It wasn't a big cliff. It was only about four feet high. But it was enough to blow out the front tire, knock off the back bumper, break Dad's glasses, make Aunt Edythe spit out her false teeth, spill a jug of Kool-Aid, bump Missy's head, spread the Auto Bingo pieces all over, and make Mark do number two.

We sat there stunned, rubbing our banged-up arms and shins. Aunt Edythe howled about her internal organs getting the shock of their lives. Mom was in a panic because she thought a flying orange had hit Mark's

soft spot. Dad just sat gripping the steering wheel and clicking his tongue. Personally, I enjoyed the accident and was particularly impressed with the distance Dad had gotten out of a heavy, loaded-up station wagon.

Dad cut all the adhesive strips of the Band-Aids and taped his glasses together. He stood on the roof of the car and studied the landscape to determine the best route back to civilization.

"Where's my little dog?" Aunt Edythe suddenly screamed. "Has he gotten loose in the desert? Where is he? I have to find him!" She tried to get out of the car.

"Stay in the car," Mom said sternly. "It's hot and dangerous out there."

"Don't you tell me what to do!" Aunt Edythe shot back. "I'll do what I want. I should never have come on this trip! I should have taken the airplane!"

She pointed a finger at Dad. "He can't even drive," she shouted.

Dad drew back his fist to deck her, but Mom got to her first, grabbing her arm and firmly pressing her back into her seat. "You move and I'll split your lip!" Mom yelled.

A glorious desert sunset bathed the tow truck in orange light as it hauled our car back to the dirt detour road.

"I never seen nothin' so mother-blessed dumb," the toothless tow driver said to Dad. "You musta got shit fer yer brains!"

Dad would have punched the guy in the mouth, but he knew there probably wasn't another tow truck in Loco Hills, New Mexico. He didn't even complain when all the men at the gas station

laughed when he asked how much the tow and tire repair was.

"Well, how much? Five bucks? Ten bucks? What?" Dad inquired. The men laughed. Dad sort of laughed along with them.

"How much you got?" the avocado-shaped station owner asked.

"I'm asking how much the charge is," Dad said. "Why on earth do you need to know how much money I have to tell me how much it costs to tow my car?"

"'Cause I'm a-gonna charge you all the money you got."

It cost us \$588. They even took the money out of Aunt Edythe's shoe. The owner of the station made it a point to explain to Dad that what he was doing wasn't robbery. "I should know," he laughed. "I'm the sheriff."

WE SPENT THE NIGHT IN Alamogordo, New Mexico. Since the only money we had was Patty's twenty-nine dollars from baby-sitting, Dad had to rob the motel in the morning when he went to check out. He didn't actually rob it; he just reached into the cash register and took a handful of money. The manager came out of the back room, where he had been checking on our breakfast charges, and saw Dad. He was pretty old and he didn't move too fast, so we got away clean.

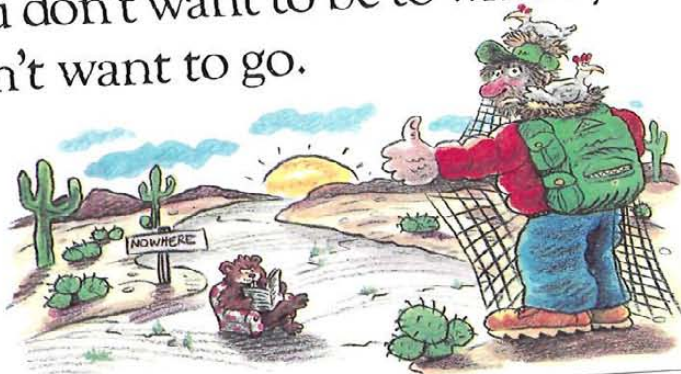
About five miles outside of Lordsburg, Patty and I were singing "One Hundred Bottles of Beer on the Wall." All of a sudden Dad shouted, "Hold

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

YOUR MESSAGES ARE BEING PLAYED BACK FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF OTHERS



thumb•ing (thŭm•ing), 1.
n. the art of begging dangerous
strangers to drive you from where
you don't want to be to where you
don't want to go.



A DICTIONARY FOR HITCHHIKERS,
BACKPACKERS & POTENTIAL VICTIMS
OF MEANINGLESS VIOLENCE

A **AA** Organization of which half the nation's drivers are members and about which they want to talk to you at mind-numbing, thirst-inspiring length. (The other half *should* be members.)

AAA Organization to which, on the other hand, no one you ride with belongs. Ever.

Abbott and Costello Favorite comedy team of your kind host. He can, and will, describe every routine of theirs. Enjoy!

Adventist Religion to which most drivers most militantly belong. You are advised to convert.

Alabama State in which you are invariably left off, and in which you would not like to be picked up, even if that were possible, which it's not.

America Love it, or get out at 65 mph.

ammo Substance with which the trunk is full, and the terrifying antipersonnel potential of which is described in loving detail by driver.

Amway Pyramid sales organization to which driver belongs. Best policy is to buy a bottle of multi-vitamins every fifty miles.

arrest Police procedure whereby all contents of car, including you, are confiscated by local fuzz just prior to obtaining warrant for same.

ax What your host keeps under the front seat, 'cause there's no room in the trunk, what with all the ammo. He says it often comes in handy....

axle grease Your host's idea of a sexual lubricant.

B **back door** 1. CB slang for vehicle left behind. 2. Portal by which you should *not* enter auto of your kind host. 3. Portal by which your kind host will invariably attempt to enter you.

backfire Nature of loud, explosive report that emanated from passing pickup truck. Keep telling yourself that.

back road Preferred route of your host. See also *Chocolate Speedway*, *Hershey Highway*, etc.

baile Substantial sum of money payable to local law-enforcement officers which, when wired from home, will secure your release from the local drunk tank. In Mexico, called a "bribe."

ball Form of sexual intimacy often indulged in by hitchhiker and one or more beautiful girls who pick him up, according to *Penthouse* Forum. Not verifiable in real life.

bang 1. What you will get out of your host's jokes, he says. 2. Noise produced by ammo in trunk, subsequent to rear-end collision.

bathtub Household object strikingly unfamiliar to your host and/or with which your host loudly assumes *you* are unfamiliar.

bear Large, hairy, stupid, mean animal, sometimes found on roadsides. It is well to share your few humble possessions with him and show much respect, whether he is in or out of uniform.

beard 1. Facial hair hitchhikers grow to assure themselves of getting precious few rides, and of being accused of Marxist-Leninist leanings during the few rides they get. 2. (*cap.*) Author of extensive series of comic dictionaries.

beatnik Hitchhiker with a beard. Cause of nation's economic woes, recent military humiliations, driver's hemorrhoids, etc.

beaver Aquatic mammal frequently displayed to hitchhikers, according to *Penthouse* Forum.

Begin World leader of great importance to driver. Do not express your opinion until he has expressed his. Then agree, 100 percent.

belch Means by which driver, loudly and frequently, vents intestinal gas. If you're lucky.

Bible What this country needs a lot more of. There's a copy of same down there under the seat, beside the ax.

bisexuality Proclivity engaged in by minuscule minority of general population, vast majority of drivers.

black Don't be.

C **channeled** What this baby's been chopped and.

chopped 1. Condition in which you hope not to be found by search party. 2. What this baby's been channeled and.

chrome What *that* baby could suck off a trailer hitch, heh-heh, nudge nudge.

D **dead head** 1. Hitchhiker riding with trucker on an (empty) return run. From obsolete railroad slang. 2. Jerry Garcia fan. Speed freak. Just wants to rap with you, man. And does, nonstop, through endless replays of *American Beauty* cassette. From obsolete rock slang. 3. First part of hitchhiker's body to be found by authorities.

ditch 1. To get rid of, dump, unload, escape from. Either driver or hitcher is, from opening conversational gambit, planning desperately to “ditch” the other as soon as convenient. In this way, hitchhiking is much like marriage. 2. Area by roadside in which dead head is found.

E **East** Area of nation inhabited exclusively by pointy-headed pansy beatnik Jews. Where you-all from, boy?

elephants Last hundred “good ones” heard by your driver have these as subject. Do not volunteer answers.

empty, running on What this baby can do for at least another twenty more miles.

F **FBI** 1. Crime-fighting organization from which your driver is in furious nonstop (interstate) flight. 2. Crime-fighting organization for which your driver is an undercover agent, and to which he will turn you in unless you provide much-needed sexual services.

fork 1. Place down the road a bit where you will have many opportunities to get a lift in the wrong direction. 2. Plastic eating utensil found in some diners, the use of which is unknown to most drivers.

G **gas** Car guzzles, driver passes, in direct ratio.

gearshift Rod protruding from floor of car which driver uses to produce loud, scary noises, ranging from roars to metallic grindings; this girl he once knew drank a Coke with aspirin in it and ended up on one.

H **hack** 1. Taxicab (slang). You are unlikely to get a free ride from one of these. 2. Process of dismembering, rendering unidentifiable, body of hitchhiker. 3. Author of extensive series of comic dictionaries. 4. Coughing sound, interspersed with wheezes, sniffles, and oaths, vented by hitcher after midnight, in the rain, at roadside.

hobo Horrible, indigent vagabond of former times who traveled free across the country.

Hoover 1. Line of carpet cleaners your host represents. Many excellent qualities, useful attachments, described at length and in detail. 2. Best damn president this country ever had. 3. What your host demands you do to his “wing-wang.”

I **Indians, drunken** Like most crass racial stereotypes (tight Scots, dumb Hunkies, uptight WASPS), this one is based on the obvious. There are a lot of them out there, mostly in pickup trucks. They will invariably offer you a lift. Remember that they had their land stolen and their culture destroyed. Feel compassion. *Don't get in.*

indy 1. An independent trucker, self-employed, not a Teamster. Good source of rides, but will gripe your arm and leg off. 2. (*cap.*) Abbreviation for famous, dangerous yearly five-hundred-mile race, which your host would have won by doing this...and then this...

J **Jesus** Your driver met him once. Nice enough fella. (His autographed photo is there in the glove compartment.)

Jews Your driver met one once. Not a bad fella. (His pecker is there in the glove compartment.)

joke 1. What your driver was only making when he whipped that thing out at you. 2. Riddle about elephants, story of Johnny Fuckerfaster, details of Abbott and Costello films, etc.

K **Knights of Pure White Terror** Little-known fraternal lodge, of which your driver is a member. Of course, he will deny this if you ask him. See, it's a *secret* organization.

know-how What America's got plenty of, you bet.

Kommie Kooks Sworn, mortal enemies of the Knights of Pure White Terror. You deny your membership. But you would, wouldn't you? In fact, that's practically *proof*....

L **lonely** Code word for sodomite.

lube job, a good What this car just had. What the driver sure could use, heh-heh, nudge nudge.

M **Marines** What your driver psyched out of in 'Nam.

mister Term by which the driver addresses you prior to expressing strong feelings about politics, race, sex, your stupidity, and what happens to shitheads like you if they don't wise up fast!

mobile home Rectangular dwelling, occasionally seen on wheels, often on cinder blocks. You stand an equally good chance of getting a lift from one of either type.

N **'Nam** Place that made a man out of your host. Would have done the same for you.

Nash Vehicle driven by older eccentrics. Watch out, the seat flops back into a bed.

Night Train Brand name for local anesthetic indicated in cases of back-country black drivers. They take it. So should you.

Niki Name by which the driver addresses the fierce, foaming hound in the back seat.

O **obliged** As you near your destination, what you are much. You might even learn the meaning of the old folk expression "a mouth full of much obliged."

oil Subject upon which your host has strong opinions. His vehicle and this country are experiencing a shortage of it. Although the long-range implications of this concern him, you are thinking short-term. You're in the middle of nowhere, and it's getting dark....



Niki, the driver's pet.

A Teamster. No riders. Thank God.



OPEC Gang of Jews? Arabs? beatniks? responsible for you and your host spending night in cold stationary vehicle in the middle of nowhere.

P pickup 1. Large, semi-enclosed vehicle favored by farmers, drunken Indians, rednecks, and landed gentry. 2. Slang for a ride on the road. 3. Slang for a ride off the road, usually on someone of the opposite sex.

piss What you have to do, but the driver never has to do. "Hey, what's that smell?"

piss ants The guys who got us in all this damn trouble anyway. Usually employed by universities or the government.

Q queers The average driver guesses you get picked up by a lot of them, eh?

R railroad 1. Former source of free rides for vagabonds. Now no longer source of rides for anyone. 2. Paralegal procedure whereby all recent unsolved crimes in the county are ascribed to you by local authorities.

Road, On the Dog-eared paperback bible of all hitchhikers.

RV Recreational vehicle. Statistically, there is the same probability that one of these will offer you a lift as there is that it will be driven by Neal Cassady and drive you nonstop to Nirvana.

S sack Where your driver is absolutely great.

shotgun Usually, a decorative accessory found in pickups. When aimed at a hitchhiker, the universal symbol for "Not Accepting Riders."

sucks What your driver claims the Supreme Court does, in any number of variations.

T **Teamsters** Large group of transport workers organized to not give rides to hitchhikers. Often found at roadside stands, exchanging stories about terrorizing of same.

torque What this baby's got plenty of.

trail mix The true measure of a desperate man.

TravelLodge The price won't keep you awake, but your driver might.

truck stop Dying words of delirious hitchhiker.

turnpike Extremely well-paved road offering maximum access to swiftly moving vehicles and nice little guardrails for hitchhikers to sit on while they count the passing swiftly moving vehicles.

U **Utah** State in which a dark-complexioned person not holding a basketball is arrested on sight.

U-turn Slang expression used by driver offering you "sloppy seconds" on his wife, brother, or household pet. "It's U-turn now," he will say, and smile.

V **vag one** Charge applied to hitchhikers during booking proceedings, giving local authorities time and opportunity to plant drugs in your backpack.

van Weirdly decorated, hippie-operated vehicle. Smell of stale mung beans, incense, sex. A pleasant sight coming over the horizon, however, as opposed to an RV (which see).

varmint Characterization of mammals on highway that your driver enjoys running over. Includes gophers, squirrels, and coons.

W **Wharton, Edith** Amazingly tedious authoress, now deceased. Statistically, there is a 90 percent chance that any female driver offering you a lift will be a dedicated and voluble Edith Wharton scholar.

white sheets In the back seat, a whole pile of them, with little eyeholes cut in them. Don't ask.

wife beating Apparently, a popular indoor sport in rural America. Statistically, there is a 90 percent chance that any male driver will be an enthusiastic practitioner and proselytizer.

X **X-rated movies** Many stars and featured players in this booming entertainment industry were first "cast," however unwillingly, while hitching.

Y **Yankee** 1. Member of famous and universally hated baseball team. 2. Narrow-minded, cruel, money-crazed, snobbish sexual deviate representing the entire population north of wherever you are. 3. Sexual demand made on hitcher by driver of Oriental origins.

Yuma 1. Town in Arizona through which all hitchers inevitably must pass. 2. (*l.c.*) Faculty of which many hitchhikers, upon being told a "good one," e.g., Johnny Fuckerfaster, show an astonishing lack. "Ain't ya got no sensa yuma?"

Z **Zeppelin, Led** Rock group responsible for the only eight-track tape in the possession of your slightly deaf driver, with whom you are crossing the Mojave.

zip 1. What your (elderly) host used to have lots of when he was your age. 2. Name applied to curious handmade weapon of which your (Spanish-American) host is wildly proud. 3. Last sound you will hear emanating from the lap of your host before he claims the customary toll for the ride. ■

Vacation '58

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57)

your hats!" He gunned the engine and we lunged forward. I could hear sirens wailing. I looked out the back. A highway-patrol car was chasing us.

"Pull over, Clark!" Mom shouted. "Pull over!"

"Not on your life!" Dad growled. He pounded his fist on the steering wheel. "Come on, you gas-eating bastard, go!"

The cop was gaining on us. His Ford was light and tuned-up. Our Plymouth was heavy and loaded-down, and it shimmied and vibrated from driving off the cliff. The cop jerked his car into the opposite direction forced him back. He came up almost to our bumper. "Throw out the ice chest!" Dad shouted to me. "Throw it out the back window!"

I crawled back and lowered the window, and the rush of air and the change in pressure sucked a baby sheet and a Wichita newspaper out of our car and onto the windshield of the cop car. The cop swerved and ripped into the dirt shoulder, sending up a rooster tail of dirt and gravel. Dad laughed.

"What are you doing!" Mom screamed. She didn't know about the robbery. I knew, but Dad made me promise not to tell Mom.

"I'm running from the law!"

"What? Are you crazy?"

"I robbed the Roadrunner Motel!" he shouted. "To get money!"

The cop was back on our tail. A second car was coming from behind him.

"This is so cool!" I yelled out the back window.

"I have to go tinkle!" Missy cried.

Suddenly Dad slammed on the brakes. The Plymouth fishtailed to a screeching, rubber-stink stop. The cops locked up their brakes and dove to the sides of the road. Dad put the hammer down and we took off. One of the cops was stuck in the ditch. The other was in pursuit after a moment. That's when I threw out the ice chest. It hit the front of the cop car on the first bounce. The cop lost momentary control of his car and sideswiped a convertible in the other lane.

"It pays to watch 'Dragnet!'" Dad laughed.

Mom was in a trance, shaking her head. Tears were collecting in her eyes. Missy had wet her dress and was crying. Patty was saying her prayers. Mark was sleeping, and Aunt Edythe was looking sort of sick. I was having a great time planning what I would throw out the back trap next if some cop got brave enough to try and run in my dad.

"Uh-oh!" Dad said.

I looked out the front and saw a flickering mass of lights.

"Roadblock," Dad said. He leaned forward and tried to coax a little more speed out of the Plymouth. "We'll run it!"

We split a row of sawhorses as if they weren't even there, and then plowed into two cop cars joined at the front bumpers, opening them up like supermarket doors. We smacked them so hard they spun around until they met at the rear bumpers.

DAD KEPT IT TO THE floorboards until we came to San Simon Creek, Arizona. He slowed down and cut off the main highway onto a dirt service road. That road ran into a larger road and then we were back on pavement. Dad calmed down and breathed a sigh of relief. He even let us stop at a place called the Horrors of Mexico, which was a barn that had a dead person in a bottle and some wads of hair mounted in cases. There was also a chicken with five legs.

An hour later we arrived in Bisbee. Dad wanted to show us the largest open-pit copper mine in the country. "It was in the guidebook that this mine would hold nearly one billion pillows!"

As we examined the mine, Dad switched license plates with a car belonging to an elderly couple from Michigan. Then Dad called us back into the car, and we got onto Highway 80 and headed north to Tucson to drop off Aunt Edythe, who, by now, didn't look very good at all.

"Leave her alone," Dad said to Mom. "She's sleeping. If you wake her, we'll just have to listen to her guff!"

"I wonder if she's hungry," Mom replied. "We didn't wake her for lunch."

"Old people sleep a lot. She's fine."

Only she wasn't fine.

"Mom?" Patty said about an hour later. "Mom!"

"What is it!" Mom said angrily. She had just gotten Mark to stop screaming.

"Aunt Edythe is leaning on me and she won't get off. And I can't wake her up."

"Pull over, Clark," Mom said.

"We'll be in Tucson in another twenty minutes. She'll be fine!"

"Pull over! She's not fine!"

Dad pulled over to the side of the road. Mom hurried out and opened the back door. Patty jumped out and Aunt Edythe slowly fell over, sort of like a tree being cut down. She stayed in a sitting position, even though she was on her side.

"She's dead!"

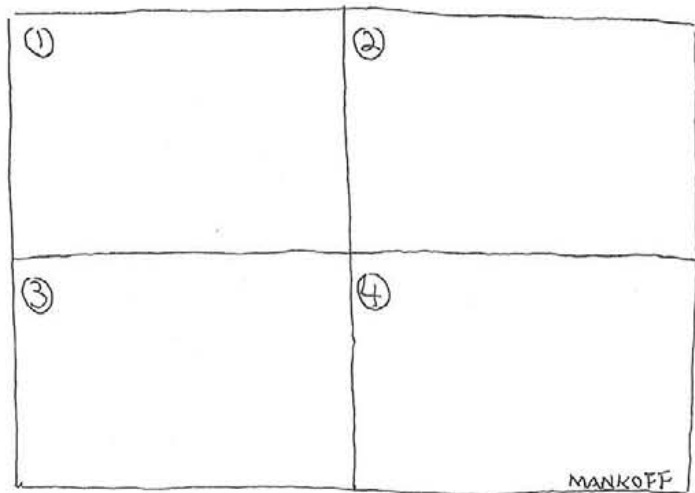
Patty shrieked and rubbed the spot on her arm where Aunt Edythe's head had rested. Dad pounded the steering wheel.

"Well, goddamn it anyway!" he yelled.

We figured that she must have died back around Deming, New Mexico. That's the last time anyone could remember her saying anything. She told us to roll the windows up because she was freezing cold. She'd been dead about ten hours and missed out on the cop chase.

"What are we going to do, Clark?" Mom asked, choking back tears.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)



Too funny for words but not funny enough for pictures.

THE GO-GO'S: AMERICA'S #1 ALL-GIRL GROUP!



JANE-SHE'S TOO MUCH!



BELINDA-A BIG STUFFED KEWPIE DOLL



GINA-KNOWS ABOUT MUSIC



KATHY-LOVES A GOOD TIME



CHARLOTTE-GOOD WITH ANIMALS

THE GO-GO'S ARE IN THEIR UNDERWEAR, AT THEIR AGENT'S OFFICE.

C'MON, GO-GO'S, THIS IS IMPORTANT. YOU'VE GOT TO GO TO THE MALL! THE MAYOR'S WIFE IS EXPECTING YOU!

YOU LURED US HERE UNDER THE PRETENSE OF A PAJAMA PARTY AND NOW YOU TELL US THIS! C'MON, GIRLS, LET'S SPLIT!



"MOTEL MADNESS"

STORY: KEVIN CURRAN AND JOSEPH LEVI-PALLIN

ART: FRANK SPRINGER

COLORS: STEVE OLIFF

LETTERING: JOHN WORKMAN

TIRED AND ANNOYED, THE GO-GO'S PILE INTO THEIR LIMO.

BOBBY, WE NEED A VACATION. TAKE US SOMEWHERE FUN.

I KNOW JUST THE PLACE....



CROSS-COUNTRY IN OUR UNDERWEAR! THAT MUST BE SOME KIND OF RECORD!

LET'S GET A DRINK!

DRINK?

LET'S GET TWO DRINKS!



THE GIRLS ARE ANXIOUS TO START THEIR VACATION....

RING! RING! THIS IS FUN!

OUR AGENT IS REALLY THE "C" WORD!

GINA!

RING! RING!

IN THEIR MOTEL ROOM...

HELLO, LOBBY? THIS IS JANE HURTZ. COULD YOU PAGE MY BROTHER DICK, PLEASE. YES, THAT'S RIGHT, DICK HSSPPHEW... HA HA HA.

LET'S CHANGE OUT OF OUR UNDERWEAR INTO OUR SWIMSUITS AND ACT LIKE ROCK STARS!

WHEEEE! WHAT FUN!

BUSINESSMEN ACT FUNNY WHEN YOU PUT ICE CUBES DOWN THEIR BACKS, DON'T THEY, KATHY?

I'M GINA. NO, I'M CHARLOTTE. THAT'S RIGHT, I'M CHARLOTTE, I THINK.

THE FUN FESTIVAL CONTINUES, GO-GO STYLE!

GO CRAZY! GO NUTTY!

HA HAHA, WHAT TOM-FOOLERY!

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT SOMEONE WILL DO WHEN THEY SEE THAT A TELEVISION SET HAS BEEN LEFT BY THE EDGE OF THE SWIMMING POOL!

WHO NEEDS TO BE A GUY, ANYWAY?

EXCELLENT PRANK!



THIS ROOM'S A COMPLETE, LITTER MESS... I MUST CLEAN IT... CLEAN IT WELL.



AND THEN TO PUNISH THEM I MUST... PUT ON MY NAZI REGALIA... AND MUST... CAUSE THEM...

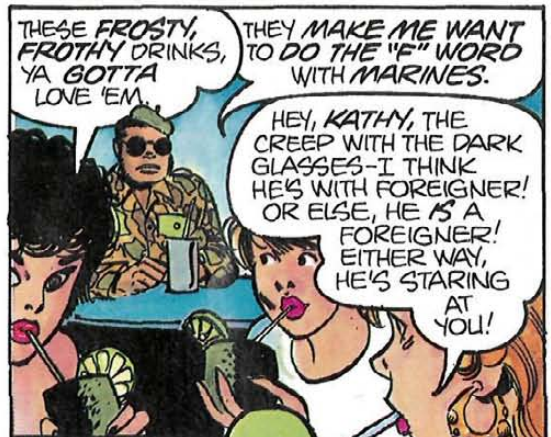
...GREAT HARM!

TWO GO-GO'S GO GAGA OVER A BRONZE LIFE PRE-SERVER...



NO, I'M CHARLOTTE!

...WHILE THE REST OF THE GALS DOWN DRINKS AND TRADE INSIGHTS.



THESE FROSTY, FROTHY DRINKS, YA GOTTA LOVE 'EM.

THEY MAKE ME WANT TO DO THE "F" WORD WITH MARINES.

HEY, KATHY, THE CREEP WITH THE DARK GLASSES-I THINK HE'S WITH FOREIGNER! OR ELSE, HE IS A FOREIGNER! EITHER WAY, HE'S STARING AT YOU!



LET'S PAY UP AND LEAVE!

...KATHY! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU HAD TWO WHOLE MARGARITAS!

JANE HELPED ME ON MY SECOND ONE.

I WONDER IF I SHOULD USE THE AMERICAN EXPRESS OR THE VISA CARD? WITH THE VISA, YOU HAVE LONGER TO PAY, BUT THEY CHARGE INTEREST IF YOU STRETCH OUT YOUR PAYMENTS....



WE LEFT OUR MONEY... SOMEWHERE!

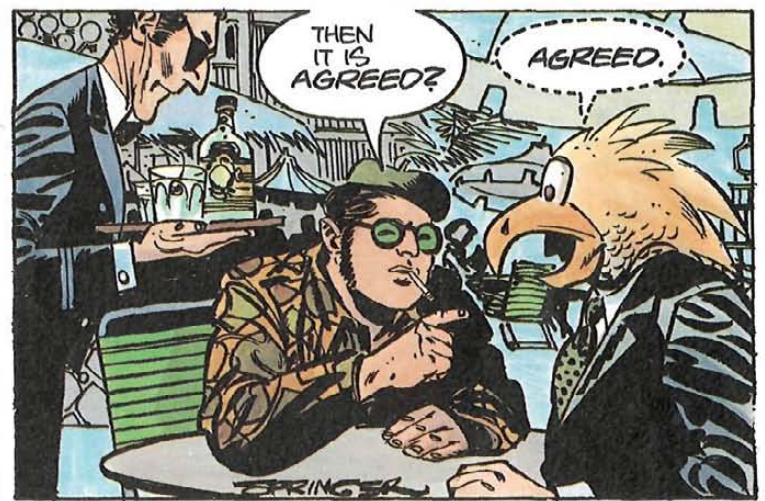
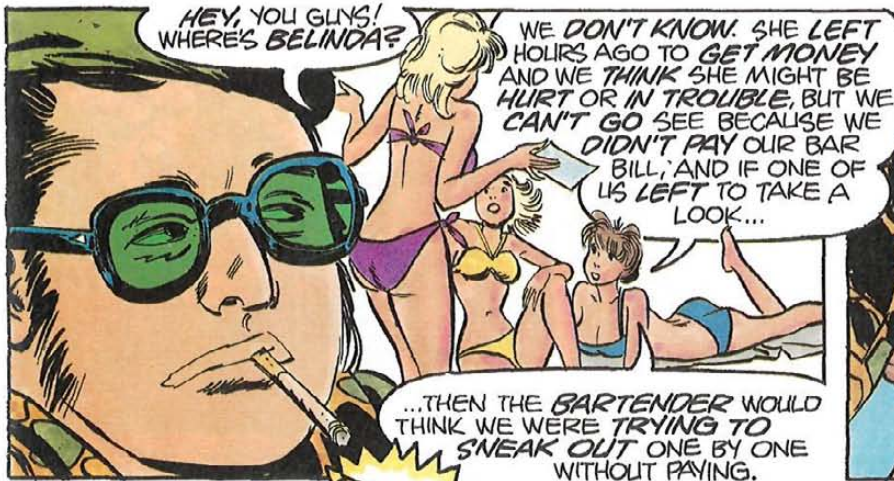
ALL RIGHT, I'LL USE THE CREDIT CARD... HEY! IT'S GONE!

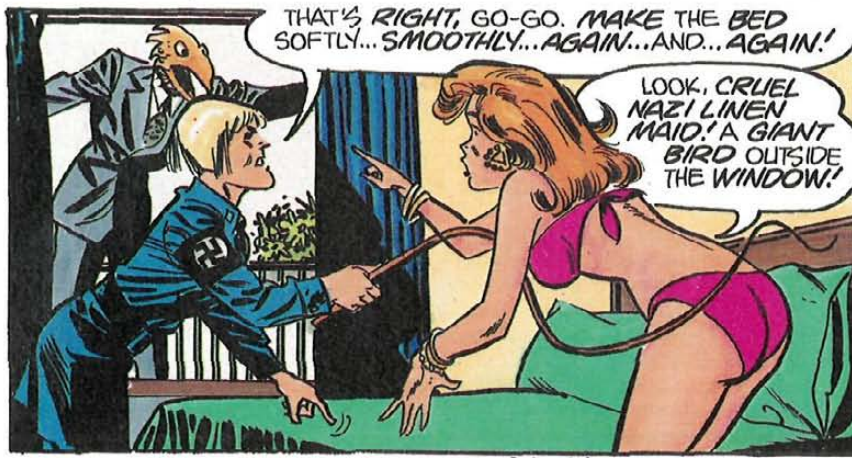


WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

I'LL GO BACK TO OUR ROOM AND GET SOME MONEY. SOMETIMES YOU GIRLS REALLY MAKE ME WANT TO BARF.







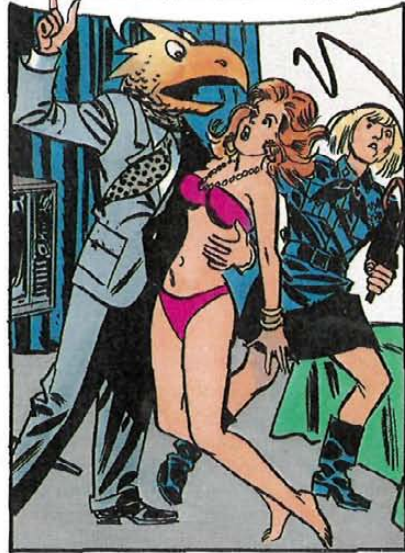
THAT'S RIGHT, GO-GO. MAKE THE BED SOFTLY... SMOOTHLY... AGAIN... AND... AGAIN!

LOOK, CRUEL NAZI LINEN MAID! A GIANT BIRD OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!



GIANT BIRD, EH? PERHAPS YOU WISH ME TO GET A BIG PILE OF BIRD SEED—POISONED BIRD SEED!

DO NOT WORRY, MY SWEET. I AM NOT A BIRD, BUT HE WHO WEARS THE BIRD MASK!



AND I AM CARLOS THE JACKAL!

AND I'M CHARLOTTE. NOW I'M SURE OF IT!

...AND YOU ARE DEAD BY THE HAND OF HE WHO IS ME.

LATER THAT NIGHT...



DID YOU HAVE FUN ON YOUR DOUBLE DATE...

...WITH CARLOS THE JACKAL AND HE WHO WEARS THE BIRD MASK?

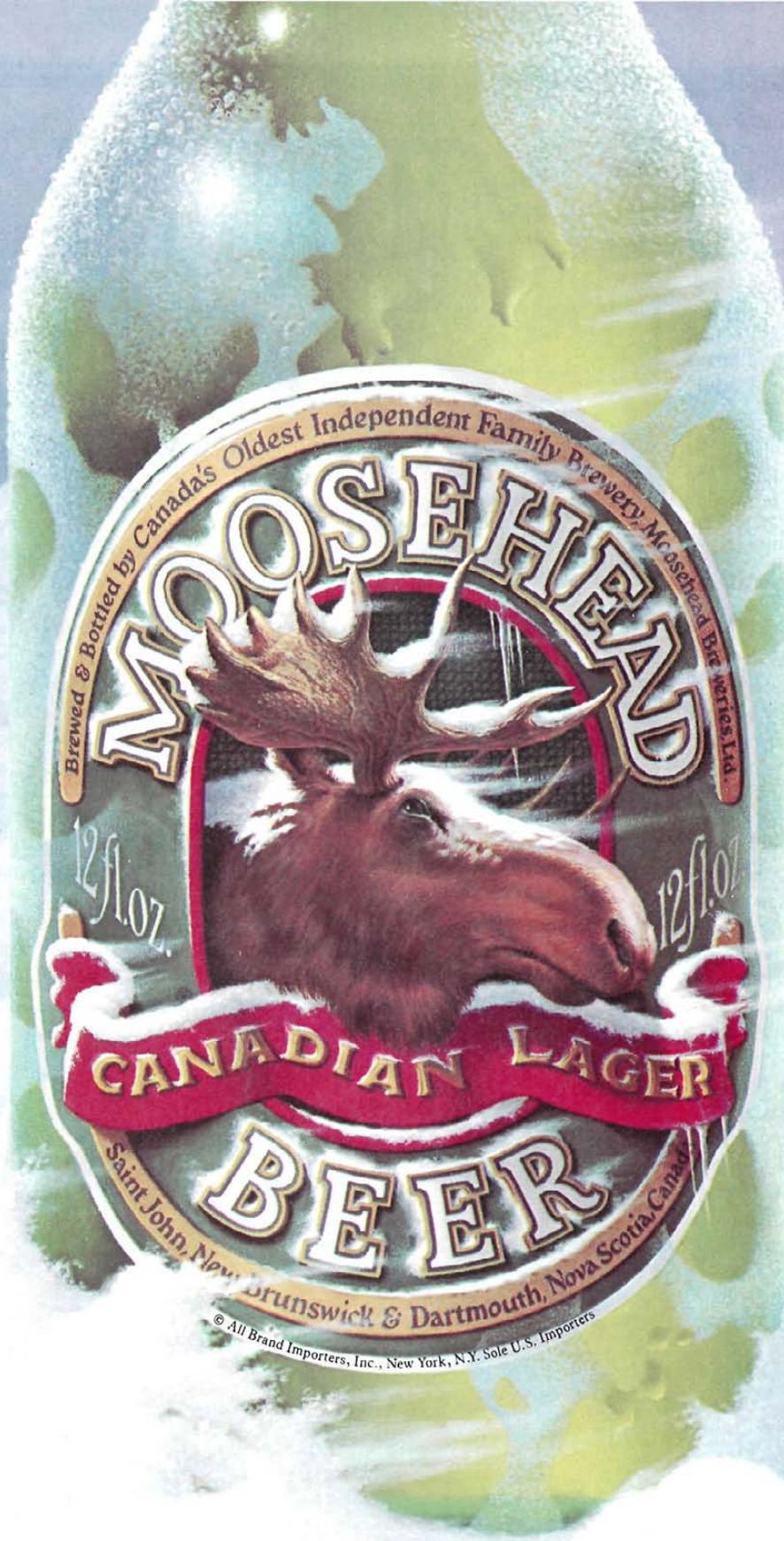
IT WAS OKAY. I TELL YOU, AFTER THIS VACATION, I'M GOING TO NEED A REST!



HEY, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS WATCHING?

MTV!!!

ALLLLL RIUUUUIGHT!



Stands head and antlers above the rest.

IMPORTED MOOSEHEAD. BREWED BY CANADA'S OLDEST INDEPENDENT FAMILY BREWERY.

OLD MONEY

BY SEAN KELLY AND GERALD SUSSMAN

POOOR LITTLE Rhode Island," they used to sing. But to judge by the elegant homes and lives of the many families who used to summer there, Rhode Island was anything but poor!

At the turn of the century, the great patriarchs of the American plutocracy—captains of industry, political power brokers, real-estate magnates, bankers, judges, and munitions manufacturers—would gather around them their vast clans—children, distant relatives, servants, sycophants, partners, and cronies—to take the sea air by day, and by night to be lavishly dined and entertained beneath the gabled roofs of their palatial Victorian-gingerbread-styled seasonal homes, which they modestly referred to as “cottages.”

These photographs of the Great Rhode Island Summer Families (the Bagges of Boston, the Hedds of Long Island, the Eiyes of Old Manhattan, the Philadelphia Phayces, the Jobbs, and the rest) are, now that all the great hotels have been torn down, rare remnants of dignity, reminders of a yesterday in which it was still a compliment to be told you looked like a million dollars.

It was then (and remains, among today's parvenu prep-pies) a tradition that each

member of an impossibly wealthy, inbred clan be known by a cute nickname, preferably in baby talk, and slyly alluding, if possible, to whatever glimmers of personality the bearer had demonstrated. Thus we continue to have the Muffys, Skippers, Bonkers, and Winkies admitted, by patrimonial right, into yacht clubs and Ivy League colleges.

But in the dear and glorious near past, these sobriquets were more varied and picturesque. Take, for example, the **Bagges**, pictured below on the porch of their Newport “cottage.” On the extreme left of the group (but certainly not of the political spectrum) sits the compulsively hygienic Clara

“Douche” Bagge, and beside her the black sheep of the family, Teddy “Scum” Bagge. The imposing William Jennings Bryan-look-alike gentleman behind Teddy is the well-fed George “Feed” Bagge, a distant uncle. Beside him glowers the matriarch, the remarkably ancient Emma “Old” Bagge. The handsome matron with the ribbon choker is the notoriously romantic Marianne “Hose” Bagge, and on the steps in front of her, the stern but flatulent politician Randolph “Wind” Bagge. The bearded intellectual in the upper right-hand corner is Randolph's brother, the financial wizard Elmo “Dirt” Bagge; the winsome child, offspring of

“Dirt” and his charming wife, “Shit” Bagge (née Phayce), would grow up to make surgical history as the thirties society doctor Dick “Colostomy” Bagge.

By 1910, an Irish immigrant family, the **Phayces** [opposite, top], was sufficiently accepted by the community to be permitted a photo session. (Eldest daughter “Shit” Phayce had just married into the Bagge family, making her a “Shit Bagge.”)

Local photographer Jim “Hum” Jobb says, “Watch the birdie!” to the little animal lover Timmy “Dog” Phayce, his reputedly lusty elder sister Eileen “Fuck” Phayce, a pair of maiden aunts named Eve (known



The Bagges



The Phayces

only as “the Two Phayces of Eve”), and construction-boss paterfamilias Seamus “Scar” Phayce.

In the charming candid below, members of Newport’s **House** family (“the House of House,” as their successful distillery was called) are seen digging clams for the annual Labor Day Beach Bake. Eccentric old sea dog James “Bug” House helps his nephew Freddie “Flop” House wield the net, while ne’er-do-well ladies’ man William “Cat” House fondles the hand of his incontinent niece, Florence “Honey” House. Strolling through the backyard are the merchant-prince fathers of little Flop and Honey, named, respectively, for their social views Winston “Work” House and Albert “Crap” House.

The **Succeurs**, a first-generation French family, made their fortune as confectioners in Detroit. Their annual Bas-



The Houses



The Succeurs and the Boxxes

tille Day picnic was a highlight of the Rhode Island season. Pictured above are, left to right, playboy son Gaston "Cock" Succueur, epicurean *maman* Thérèse "Eggs" Succueur, testy *grand'mère* Marie "Boils" Succueur, and the four marriageable daughters, Edith "Toe" Succueur, Bertha "Butt" Succueur, and the twins, "Snot" and "Pus."

Behind *les belles filles* stand their swains, three scions of the Alabama aristocrat **Boxxe** family: Elmo, Elmer, and Delmo, better known as "Soap," "Cracker," and "Thunder" Boxxe. Chaperoning is their aunt, the garrulous Melissa "Chatter" Boxxe.

Justly proud of their *ancien régime* Bourbon blood, the **Buquets** kept to themselves, and were considered "snooty" by the other summer people. A chance photograph [right], with the taking of which they were



The Buquets

not at all pleased, captures *la reine* and three of her *petites princesses* cruising the boardwalk. Left to right: Clothilde "Piss" Buquet, Marie-Antoinette "Slop" Buquet, Louise "Lunch" Buquet, and the haughty coquette Claudette "Slime" Buquet.

The Tchieses [right], an "unbelievably stinking rich" family of Russian landlords, were vacationing in Rhode Island when the unfortunate revolution occurred in their homeland. Undaunted, they stayed on, living very well, thank you, off the occasional sale of an heirloom Fabergé egg.

Here, in a rare photograph, are the Tchieses at leisure, arriving for an informal wienie roast at the Bagge cottage. Family head and strict disciplinarian Nicholas "Tough" Tchies carries his customary umbrella-sword. Beside him stands his equally crusty old mother, Alexandra "Hard" Tchies, and to her left the aspiring dancer-

artiste Anastasia "Toe" Tchies.

No social event was more stuffy, tiring, tedious, prestigious, or better attended than the annual Midsummer Lawn Tennis Tournament on the Bagge estate; so we can assume that *everyone* who was *anyone* is pictured below. Alas, the only identifiable face, on the lower left, belongs to an unknown anarchist suffragette being escorted from the grounds by Pinkerton men. The bomb she was carrying failed to detonate, assuring America of many more generations of inbred elegance and arrogance.

Among those present in the gallery are (doubtless) the entirety of the German Gnutttes family ("Numb," "No," "Pea," "Bug," and "Scum"), the Dutch Wholles ("Bung," "Bum," and "Peep," among others), the Bagges, the Succeurs, the Houses, the Phayces, and, of course, that vast and quintessentially

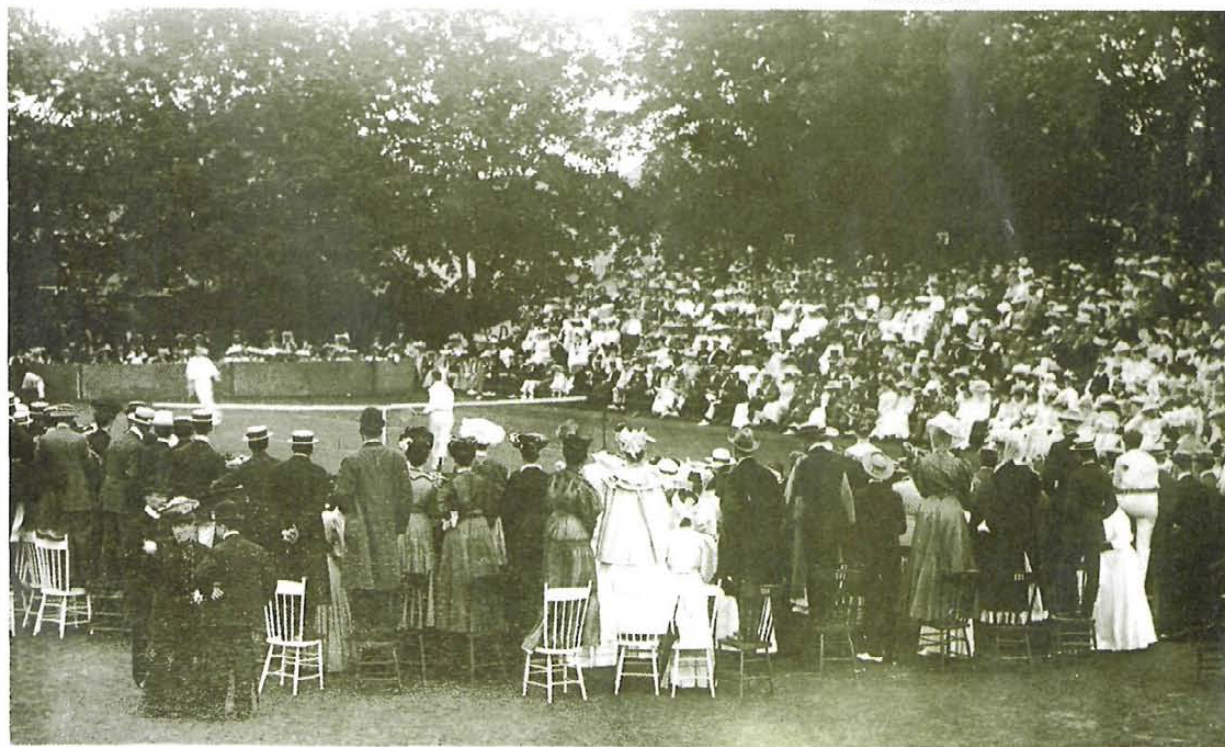
upper-class clan the Hedds, who bore such charming diminutives as "Pecker," "Fat," "Dink," "Block," "Chowder," "Knuckle" and "Chuckle" (the twins), "Good," "Pin," "Pointy," and

"Bullet," all of whom lived off vast deposits of robber-baron patrimonial cash, and were therefore known, collectively, as "the Heir Hedds."

Their like will not be seen again. Not much. ■



The Tchieses



A Gathering of the Clans

Vacation '58

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70)
invincible!"

We drove off and had a good laugh. As a matter of fact, we laughed nonstop until the Indian attack.

We crossed the Colorado River, stopping to admire its muddy brown majesty. Then we continued, driving through the Yuma Indian reservation. Highway 80 cut through the southwest corner of the reservation, which was littered with beat-up trailers, tin sheds, garbage, pickup trucks, and semi-naked kids. It smelled of sewage.

As we passed a driveway, a truck pulled out and followed us. Every driveway had a pickup truck, and every pickup truck pulled out and followed us. The lead truck pulled out and passed us. He slowed to a crawl as the other trucks came alongside.

"Lock your doors!" Mom ordered.

Dad honked the horn and waved for the Indians to let us pass. They responded with a shower of beer cans and liquor bottles.

"Indian attack!" I shouted.

"But they're Yuma Indians. The guidebook says that they are primarily agrarian people with no tradition of warfare!" Mom said.

"Look out!" Dad shouted. "A rifle!"

Five rifles poked out from the truck windows. Dad coasted to a stop, steer-

ing with his knees so he could keep his hands up in the air. One of the Indians got out of his truck. He knocked on the window with his rifle. Dad rolled it down a crack.

"Yes? May I help you?" Dad said with a smile.

"Give me your money," the Indian mumbled. He was drunk.

Dad counted out the last of the stolen money. He slipped a twenty, a five, and three ones out the window.

"Open the hood of your car."

"Why?"

The Indian trained his rifle on Dad. He reached down and pulled the hood latch. A couple of the other Indians began robbing the engine of parts. The rest of the Yumas surrounded the car and made lewd remarks and gestures at Patty and Mom.

"Hey, look here!" Dad said. "If you take too much off my engine, we won't be able to drive away."

We let the Indians fleece us. They took everything, even Dad's Pall Malls. They took our hubcaps, headlights, chrome strips, radio, antenna, and air filter. Then one of the Indians asked for our tires. He said he would trade his tires for ours. Three Indians helped jack up the front and got the front tires off, while two other Indians jacked up the back and took off those tires. Another truck came by loaded with screaming Indians waving bottles in paper bags.

"Let's fergit this," the leader said, and

they left us with one tire on and three off. The three that were off were snow tires and slightly larger than the original tire that remained.

At about sunup we passed through Joshua Tree National Monument. Dad slammed on the brakes and made us all get out of the car. "See," he said. "That's a Joshua tree." Then he made us get back in and we sped off. It was sort of scary.

WE HIT RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA, around breakfast, but no one dared suggest we stop. At Ontario it began to rain. Dad turned on the wipers. They started up and then stopped. Dad had to slow down because the rain formed an opaque film on the glass and he couldn't see. When he slowed down, the wipers went on. As he accelerated, they slowed and stopped. That's when he started to cry. We all started to cry. There we were crawling down U.S. 10, bawling like babies.

We idled into Pomona. The rain cleared and Dad punched it, and we roared south to Anaheim.

"We're getting close," I shouted as I spotted a Disneyland sign. "We're going to make it!"

Our odyssey was nearing an end, and even though we had less than a day to spend in the fabled fun capital of America, it didn't matter. Our tears were now for joy. I patted Dad on the back and said in a choked voice, "Thanks, Dad. I love you." Mom gave him a kiss and so did Patty, and Missy grabbed him around his neck and squeezed.

"There it is! I see it! I see it!" I screamed when I saw the turrets of Cinderella's castle.

"Oh, my God! It's Disneyland!" Mom cried. She thanked God and made us give thanks, which we gladly did.

We pulled into the massive parking lot. It was empty.

"We have the place to ourselves!" Dad announced with a smile that quickly turned to a drooling idiot's frown as he read a sign that said "Closed for Repairs and Cleaning."

"There is no God!" Mom shouted. "No God would treat us like this!"

"Don't say that, Mom," Patty pleaded.

"We are in the hands of the devil! We have sinned, we bathed in sin, and the devil stole our souls!" Mom grabbed at us. We started to cry.

"Closed for repairs and cleaning," Dad fumed. "You son-of-a-bitch prick! I watched your son-of-a-bitch program every Sunday! I bought a son-of-a-bitch color TV just to watch your son-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 84)

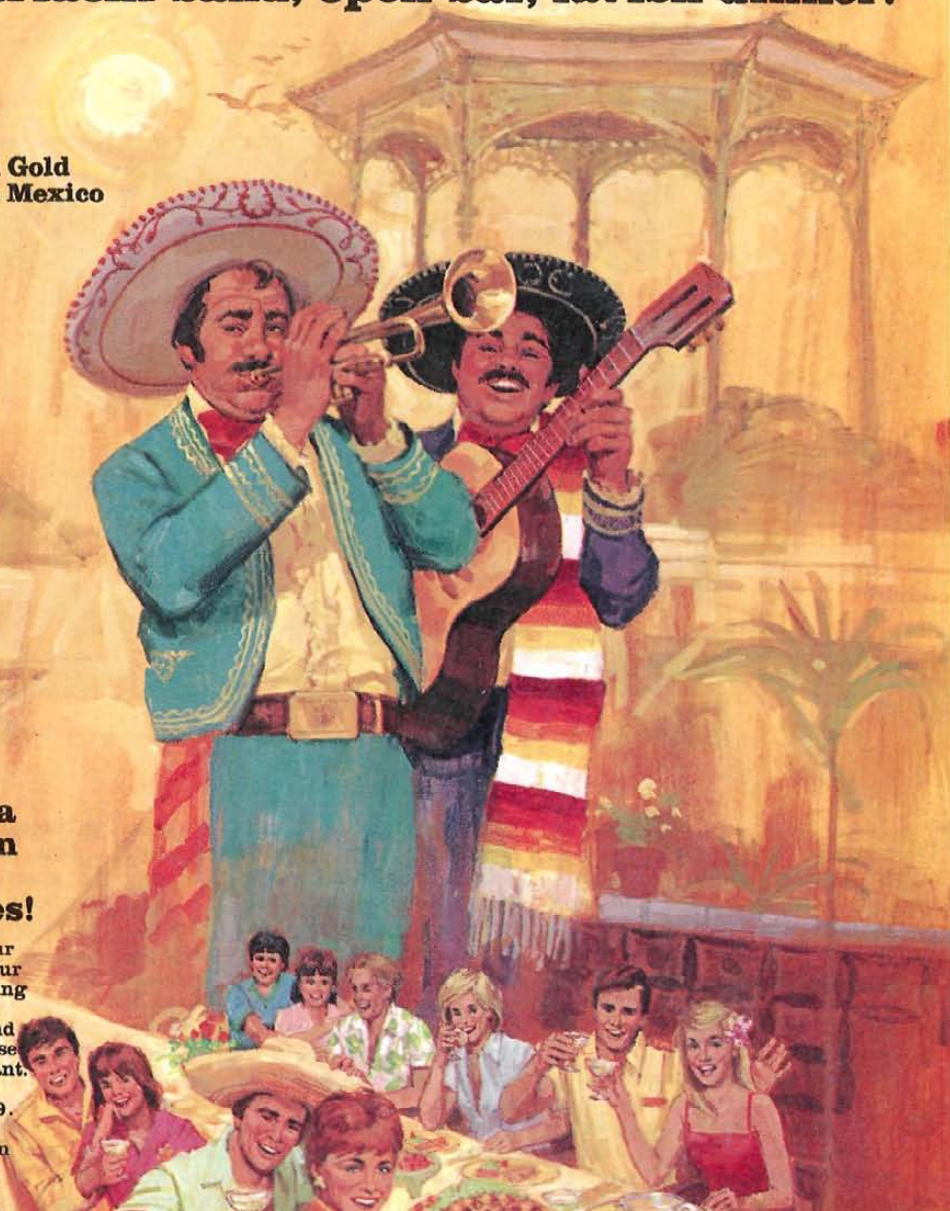
AMATEURS



Win a Mexican restaurant party for 50! Mariachi band, open bar, lavish dinner!



**Real Gold
from Mexico**



Enter Montezuma Tequila's Mexican Party Contest! Four Grand Prizes!

We hope you'll be one of the four lucky winners. That's right, four lucky party lovers are each going to have a chance to throw the Mexican party of a lifetime. And if you're one of them, you choose your favorite Mexican restaurant. You choose 49 friends—your favorites! Count 'em, amigo, 49. Montezuma Tequila supplies the Mariachi band, the Mexican dinner with all the extras and the open bar.

Montezuma Tequila makes the world's most memorable Margaritas and the most sensational Sunrises. Fact is, Montezuma Tequila is the essential ingredient in just about any Mexican drink you can think of! So hold on to your sombrero and order up the Montezuma! The real gold from Mexico. Then enter our contest and win a grand prize as good as gold.

4 Grand Prizes:
Party for 50 at Mexican restaurant of your choice. (Transportation not included.) Party includes dinner, anything on the menu, open bar for four hours, Mariachi band for four hours and memories for a lifetime.

500 Second Prizes:
Solid brass belt buckle with authentic Montezuma Aztec design.

© 1983. 80 Proof Tequila. Imported and bottled by Barton Distillers Import Co., New York, NY.

Win a Mexican restaurant party for 50—from Montezuma Tequila!

Yes, I'd like to enter the Mexican Party Contest. I've answered the two questions and filled in the other information below.

Name _____ Age _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

1. From what country is Montezuma Tequila imported? _____

2. What proof is Montezuma Tequila? _____

To be eligible, you must be of legal drinking age under the laws of your home state. Mail completed form to: Montezuma Mexican Party Contest, P.O. Box 3232, Dept. NL, Libertyville, IL 60048.

Official Rules—No purchase necessary

1. On the official entry form (or a piece of paper 3" x 5") print your name, address and zip code. Enter as often as you like. Each entry must be mailed separately and postmarked no later than October 31, 1983.
2. Mail your entry to: Montezuma Mexican Party Contest, P.O. Box 3232, Dept. NL, Libertyville, IL 60048.
3. Winners will be selected in random drawings from all correct and eligible entries received by H. Olsen & Company, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. Barton Brands reserves the publicity rights to use names and pictures of winners without compensation. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received.
4. Winners will be notified by mail. Prizes are non-transferable, and limited to one prize per family.
5. Contest void where prohibited by law. Entrants must be of legal drinking age at time of entry. Officers, employees, representatives and their families of Barton Brands, its affiliated companies, agencies and wholesalers and retailers are not eligible.

THE GOLDEN HONEYMOON

BY GERALD SUSSMAN



July 15

Dear Fran,

Well, we finally made it to Hawaii, the vacation of our dreams. Earl and I are fine, but we've got a problem with Wally and Flo. Fran, as my other dearest friend in the world, you've got to promise to keep what I tell you a secret until we all get back to Des Moines.

You remember how excited Wally and Flo were about coming with us to Hawaii? Earl and I have been pestering them for years to make the trip with us. Of course, Wally always found an excuse for not going—my kids will miss me, it's not my kind of place, it's too expensive. Wally could find an excuse for not scratching his nose when it itches. For forty-five years that man worked at Dave's Hardware Store without taking a real vacation. I swear he had little nuts and bolts under his fingernails.

You know how Earl and I feel about Wally and Flo. We've been friends since the high school prom, when Wally ditched me for Flo and I made believe I fell for Earl. Over fifty years through thick and thin with those two, and we've all had our share of thin, believe me. But let's not get into that. When Wally finally retired we made them promise to

take a real vacation. I said, "You kids are seventy-two, you've saved your pennies, thank God you're still in the pink—it's time you had a ball."

I wouldn't say Wally was a tightwad, but I happen to know that they've used the same box of wax paper for nine years. I know because I put a mark on it with a pen, and I used to check it all the time. Fran, they used to deny themselves little things we all take for granted—paper towels, Kleenex, shampoo. I used to bring them kitchen sponges as house gifts. They used their car about twice a year. All Wally ever talked about was how expensive everything was.

Well, Wally really took my words to heart. I've never seen someone so excited about a vacation before. He bought a whole new wardrobe of summer clothes from Penney's for himself and Flo. And one of those Polaroid cameras. Flo bought her first pair of sunglasses, and Wally wanted to lose twenty pounds so he would look like one of those Hawaiian beach boys. That broke us all up. Imagine Wally, with that corporation around his middle, looking like a beach boy. And his fair skin. I told him to take a carton of suntan lotion for the trip. Suntan-lotion prices are three times as much

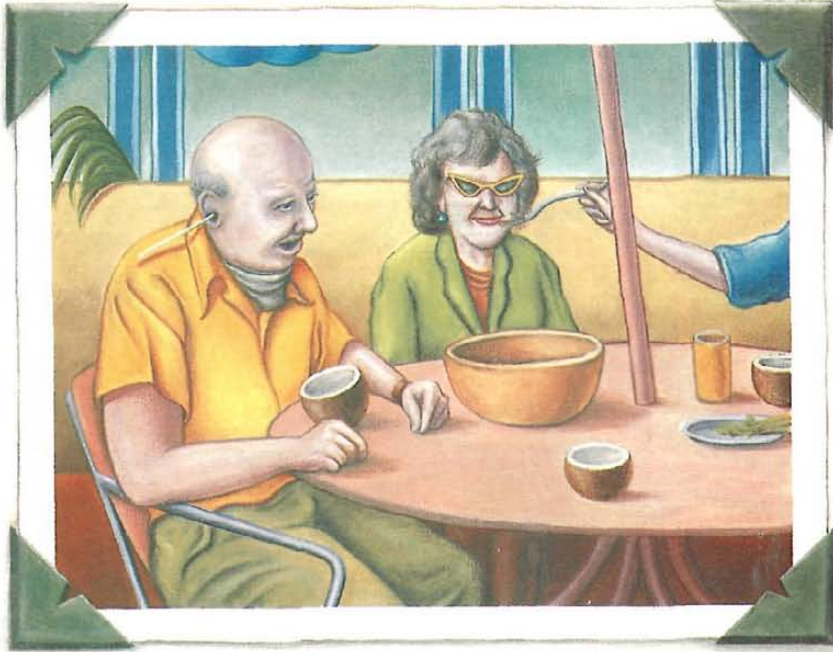
in Honolulu.

Fran, I'm saying all this because what I'm going to tell you can't be put into words. Wally and Flo were both very wonderful and excited on the plane. Neither of them could sleep a wink, and they kept looking out the window. As soon as we got off the plane a beautiful girl from the islands greeted us and put one of those flower necklaces over our necks—a lei, they call it. Wally was overjoyed. He smelled the air and looked at the beautiful scenery and said, "It sure beats downtown Des Moines." I remember the words exactly. And then he had a stroke and keeled over. When Flo saw what happened she screamed and keeled over, too. Flo had a massive heart attack and died on the spot.

Remember what I said. You've got to keep this a secret until we all get home. Don't even tell Roy or your mother. I want Wally and Flo's family to think everyone's okay and that we're all having a great time. I think the shock might kill some of them, too.

Here's what Earl and I did. We got poor Flo to a good funeral parlor, and they did a beautiful job of preserving her and said she would be just fine for at least three weeks. There would be absolutely no spoilage. We're taking full care of Wally ourselves. My old nurse's-aide

Flo just loved the Hawaiian food—and she was always such a picky eater at home!



experience comes in handy. What we plan to do is go right ahead with our vacation plans with Wally and Flo as if they were full of beans and vinegar. And we're going to send back pictures and postcards and things to show everybody at home what a wonderful time they're having. I mean, we're so shocked at what happened that we're determined to go on with the vacation as if they were alive. It's just too tragic to send them home. Earl feels he owes Wally a special favor because Wally once saved his life on Lake Winnepesaukee. Earl had one of his famous stomach cramps right in the middle of the lake and was sinking. Wally saw him and yelled for help and got someone to swim out and save him. You can't forget a favor like that. Earl is going to bust a button for his old chums even though Flo is dead and Wally can hardly understand anything and drools all the time.

Love,
Alice

July 16

Dear Fran,

Well, you can imagine what we are going through. It's a good thing I have the patience of a saint and Earl is being

a brick about the whole thing. We're staying at an efficiency apartment hotel called the Royal Sheltering Palms, which is in the Turkish section of Honolulu. I never knew there was a Turkish section. It's a little off the beaten path, but there's a bus only fifteen short blocks from the hotel that will take us anywhere. It's very cheap—even cheaper than the YMCA next door. There's no point spending money on a place that you're only using for sleeping and washing. We're out all day long. As long as it's clean, I say. So far, so good, except for those big flying bugs and the lizards that come into the room now and then. We complained to Mr. Kaboul, the manager of the hotel, but he said that we had to expect a certain amount of insect life in the Tropics, and that they were completely harmless. It's part of the Hawaiian lifestyle, he said. Well, you know me, Fran. I'll sit on the potty with a rolled-up newspaper and a can of Raid. I don't want them in my lifestyle.

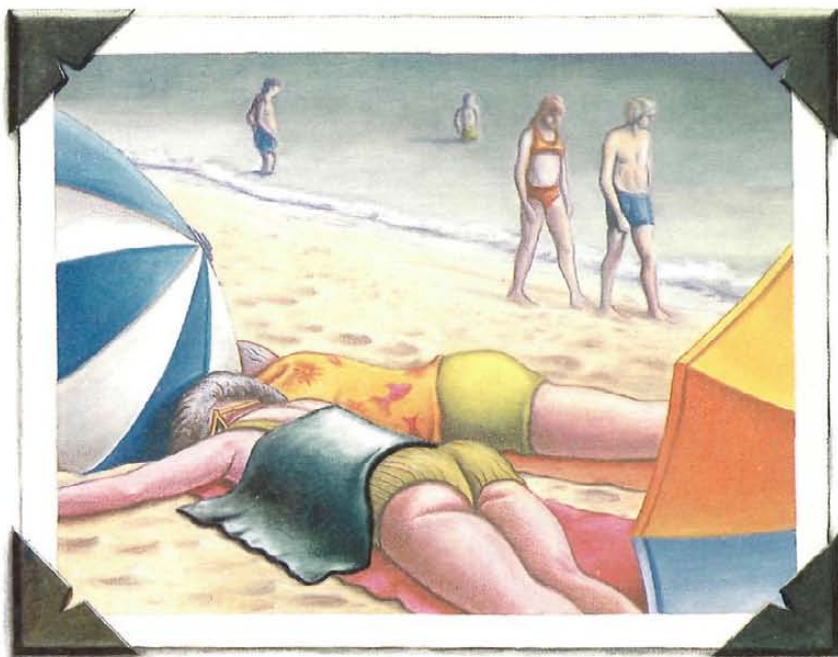
Our room overlooks the back of the YMCA, and Earl and I have seen some pretty strange things going on in the bedrooms between the men. When I get back to Des Moines I'm going to get glasses, and you know how vain I am about that. But I think my eyes are

finally on the fritz. I could have sworn that I saw two naked men doing something to each other that I thought could only be done by a man and a woman. Only it was being done backwards. I don't think I'm making any sense. I think my eyes are pooping on me. Earl's eyes aren't so hot either, but he insists he saw it too. I asked Mr. Kaboul about the men in the YMCA, and he said they were performing an old Hawaiian custom called Moona Kooa or something like that. That's what makes horse racing, says Earl.

Speaking of Earl, he's doing his usual complaining about his bowel movements, or lack of them. I should say. He's just not happy unless he's in his own little-boys' room in Des Moines. But that doesn't stop him from eating like a horse. I don't know where he stores it up.

As you know, Earl and I are early risers. So the first thing we do is look in on Wally and Flo, who have the room next door. Wally can communicate a little by mumbling or nodding his head. The left side of his body is very stiff, and his arms aren't useful and he wets his bed. Flo is getting heavier, and we have a hard time washing and dressing her. I do Flo and Earl does Wally. Wally can't stop drooling, so we tie a hankie around

*"Going native"! Flo and Wally "on the beach," getting
"done to a turn." Don't they look peaceful?"*



his neck to catch most of it.

I try to keep a line of patter going with Wally and Flo to make it seem natural and copacetic. You know me, I'm not exactly a shrinking vine. But Earl is still a bit queasy about keeping up his end of the conversation, and I have to prod him into talking to Wally and Flo. "Talk about anything," I say. "Talk about the weather, the sights, the restaurants. Read them the baseball scores. The more you talk the faster the time will go."

God, about the only thing Earl likes to talk about is his stomach and his collection of old tires. He's always listening to these little gurgling sounds in his stomach, trying to figure out when he'll have a bowel movement. They're supposed to build up in there until he explodes, I guess. "Don't trust the big boomers," he keeps saying to me. "Sometimes the tiny bubbly ones are the sounds to listen for." "Don't look at me, Earl," I say. "I don't have the problem." And he still refuses to use a laxative. "The body knows when it wants to do its various functions," he says. "It doesn't need drugs to do the job." He reminds me of Grace Tinsley, the Christian Scientist who used to belong to our Oddfellows Ladies Auxiliary who died of gangrene—re-

member her?

Wally speaks only a little and mostly in baby talk. He reminds me of those artistic children you see on the TV dramas.

Love,
Alice



July 18

Dear Fran,

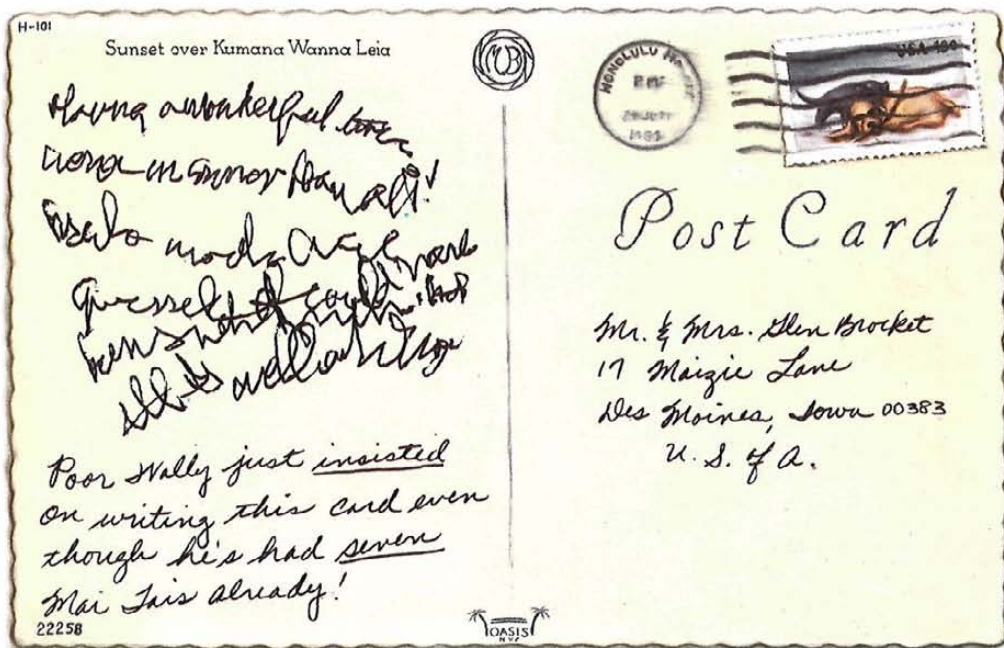
In the morning Mr. Kaboul and his friend helped us get Wally and Flo to the bus, for a tip, of course. And do you know what Mr. Kaboul was doing? He was stroking and squeezing Wally's bottom while helping him walk. I didn't want to kick up a fuss, because they were doing us a favor.

We went to Waikiki Beach, the big one where all the fancy hotels are. It's very crowded, but we managed okay. We put Wally and Flo on a blanket and helped them off with their outer clothes. Flo just had a little housecoat over her bathing suit that buttons open. Wally was wearing his new cabana set from Penney's with the sunburst and tropical-fish patterns. Once you put them down on a blanket and cover them up and protect them from the sun you won't get a peep out of them, except to wipe off Wally once in a while.

Earl and I had a nice time watching the sights and getting a tan. The girls might as well be naked for the kind of bathing suits they wear. Earl makes believe he's not watching them, that he's reading a magazine. But I can see his eyes popping. Good thing his eyes are bigger than his you know what. But now I'm talking out of school. Just between you, me, and the lamppost, I think Earl used to peek at our daughter Irma when she was getting ready for bed at night. Between his peeking and his hours in the bathroom I don't know how he found time to sell any insurance. We had our ham years and our Spam years, believe me.

Well, it didn't take us long to get acquainted with the couple lying next to us. Their names were Betty and Ralph Nesselrode, and they come from Oneonta, New York, which is in the western part of the state. They're retired, just like us. Ralph worked for the Firestone tire store in Oneonta and Betty worked at the Safeway checkout counter. Not because they needed the money, she said. She just liked to meet people. I think she's got diarrhea of the mouth. And she's nosy. She kept wanting to be introduced to Wally and Flo and had to know their whole life stories. I had to keep apologizing for them, saying they

I had to "think on my feet" just to get Wally to send a postcard home!



Having a wonderful time
 none in money than all!
 Esela made a great
 present of each one
 when she was in the
 all the well as the
 Poor Wally just insisted
 on writing this card even
 though he's had seven
 Mai Tais already!

Post Card

Mr. & Mrs. Ellen Bocket
 17 Maizie Lane
 Des Moines, Iowa 00383
 U. S. of A.

were dead tired from jet lag.

Ralph said he never saw a person sleep as soundly as Flo. He envied her. He was a terribly light sleeper. Only yesterday he fell asleep on the beach and nearly broiled to death. It was that lotion, that coconut-oil lotion that he used, said his wife, Betty. It's only good on Hawaiians. I showed them all the lotions we brought from home, from the Thrifty, at discount prices. Betty said she begged Ralph to buy their lotions at Pathmark, that's their discount drugstore. But Ralph insisted it would be too much to carry. So now they're at the mercy of the drugstores on the island, which charge \$13.50 for a small tube of coconut oil. I offered them one of ours. After all, Flo wouldn't be needing it. They protested but we insisted they take it.

After that we became very friendly, and I must admit it was nice to meet your own kind of people from the U.S., especially after being with those Turks at the hotel. As luck would have it, Earl and Ralph could talk all day about tires. You know Earl and his tires. He still remembers the name and model number of every tire he ever owned. Betty suggested that the six of us go out to dinner that night. "If you can ever wake up your friends from the dead,"

she said with a giggle. We all laughed and I mumbled something about jet lag again.

We were dying to go for a dip in the ocean and I didn't want to make it look suspicious about Wally and Flo, so we left them alone on the blanket, which I thought was okay. I forgot that it was high tide. When we got back the water had gone much further than we thought. Our things were soaking wet, and so were Wally and Flo. The water was almost over their heads. Betty was looking at us a little funny, but Ralph was really envious. He said he never saw such wonderful sleepers in his life. He wanted to know their secret. From now on we'll have to be more careful.

Love,
 Alice

July 21

Dear Fran,

Earl and I say we're still going to stick it out to the bitter end, but it's getting rough. Poor Earl. He has to bear most of the physical work—the lifting of the bodies. And his back has never been right since that Winnebago hit our Dodge in the summer of '78. He still hasn't had a bowel movement. But that doesn't stop him from putting on the

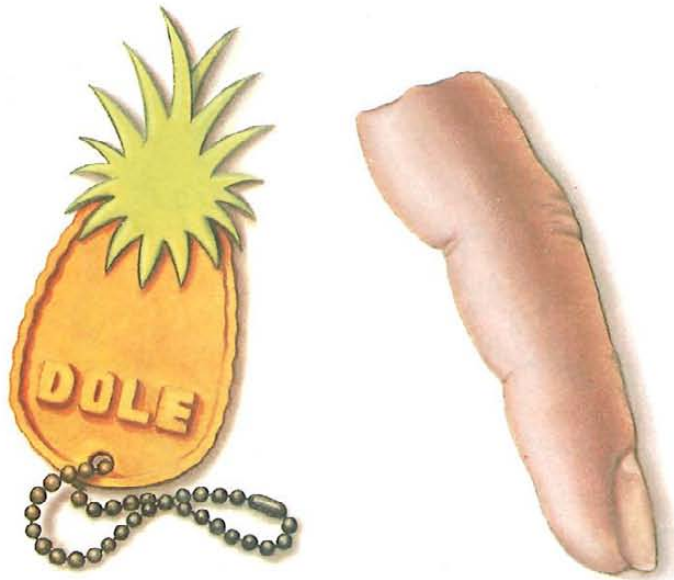
feedbag. "Call me anything, but don't call me late for chow!" That's his 'big joke. Every once in a while he'll get grumpy and snap at me and I have to remind him that we're on vacation. It is a vacation, even though we're nursing a corpse and her nearly dead husband. If I sound a little grumpy myself, I guess I am. Lucky for us that the people here are so friendly. They don't get all poky and nosy like Betty Nesselrode. P.S. We never heard from them.

After nearly getting a double hernia from dragging the bodies, Earl got smart and rented a pair of wheelchairs. He says the costs will all be covered in Wally's family medical plan with the Oddfellows Lodge. I hope so. We're charging it on our Visa, but it's still coming out of our own pocket until we get reimbursed.

Earl did a good job of getting Flo into a permanent position in her wheelchair. He pulled out her mouth a little so that it looks like she's got a cute smile on her face. There's no point in changing her clothes anymore. I just try to freshen her up a little when we go out. Wally requires a little more care. He's getting to be unpredictable.

Yesterday we all went to the Dole pineapple cannery for their guided tour. It's the largest fruit cannery in the

We'll never eat pineapple again without thinking
of everything that goes into it!



world. They have these amazing machines that can peel and core a hundred pineapples in sixty seconds.

We were just about to finish the tour and go into the social room for our free pineapple juice when I heard screams and a wild commotion behind me. I looked back and there was Wally on the assembly line. I don't know how he did it, but he got himself out of his wheelchair and fell right on top of this machinery and was moving lickety-split. In a few seconds one of his arms was going to be cut into rings. They managed to turn off the machine just in time, but they had to throw away a big batch of pineapples that Wally may have contaminated. It was deeply embarrassing.

Love,
Alice

July 23

Dear Fran,

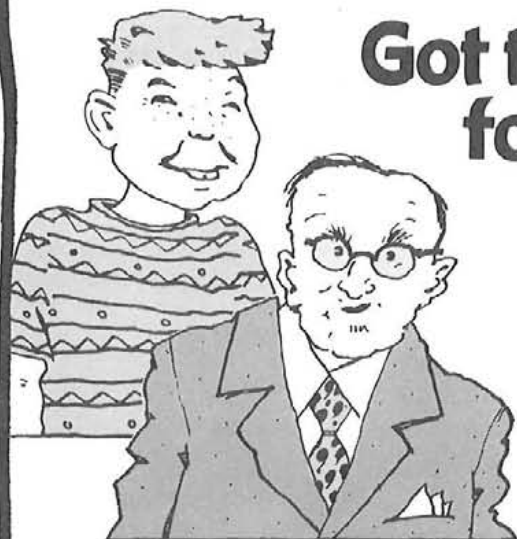
After the pineapple incident and a few other things even more horrible, we thought it would be easy and peaceful to just take them shopping. I was dying to buy some muumuus. We heard they had some nice ones at the local Woolworth's. I feel comfortable buying in familiar stores. Everything was going

along okay—I talk to Flo and Earl chips in and speaks to Wally—when suddenly Wally starts vibrating and moaning like a baby. He's been doing it every now and then in the most unlikely places. Earl gives him a few slaps and that usually calms him down. He's come up with the perfect answer for the nosybodies—epilepsy. Earl has a wonderful imagination. He should have been a writer for *Reader's Digest* instead of an insurance salesman.

Finally, Wally quiets down and we can resume our shopping. But then this big, husky fellow comes over and wants to ask us some questions. He was even more curious about Flo. I got up on my high horse and told him to mind his own business. He opened his jacket and showed us his badge. He was from the Honolulu police department, homicide division—in fact, he reminded me of that guy on "Hawaii Five-O." He just happened to be in the store and couldn't help but notice the woman in the wheelchair and how odd she looked. Yes, I said. She is odd-looking because she is deaf and dumb. That's how they get when they're deaf and dumb. Before I could stop him he touched Flo. She's pretty cold too, he said. And kind of stiff. She has a very rare muscle and bone disease that makes her body tem-

perature get very low, I said. It turned out that the detective didn't want to make a fuss over us. He knew we looked like totally respectable people. I told him we were on our dream vacation in Hawaii. He wished us a good time and then he leaned over and smelled Flo. I thought I was going to faint. We were so involved with putting on a good front that we forgot to check her for B.O. The detective looked puzzled. Either she needs a good hot bath or she's dead, he said. He told us to take her to her hotel and check her out.

Sure enough, Flo was starting to smell to high heaven. The undertaker's promise that she would stay fresh for three weeks was false. Earl said we should take her back to the funeral parlor. The funeral director was very nice and apologetic. Normally Flo would have been fine, but the weather was very warm and muggy for Hawaii and that's why she started to spoil. He gave her a booster shot and showed us how to do the same thing every day with a hypodermic. It was starting to get a little creepy, but Earl didn't mind. If anyone sees us giving her a shot we'll tell them she's diabetic, he said. Earl really surprises me sometimes with his turn of mind. He could have done something with himself all those years instead of



Got the munchies for Hindenburgers, Tuna Luna, or Mud Pies?

**SEND FOR YOUR
AUNT MARY.**

Bet you thought all Aunt Mary ever did in her kitchen was give haircuts to her nerdy nephew, and spy on her crazy neighbors.

Well, your Aunt Mary's been holding out on you: She *can* cook, and her first full-fledged, full-course cookbook proves it!

Here is Aunt Mary as you've never seen her before, whipping up truly yummy, down-home classics like Shepherd's Pie, Old-Fashioned Baked Beans, and her special formula for homemade applesauce.

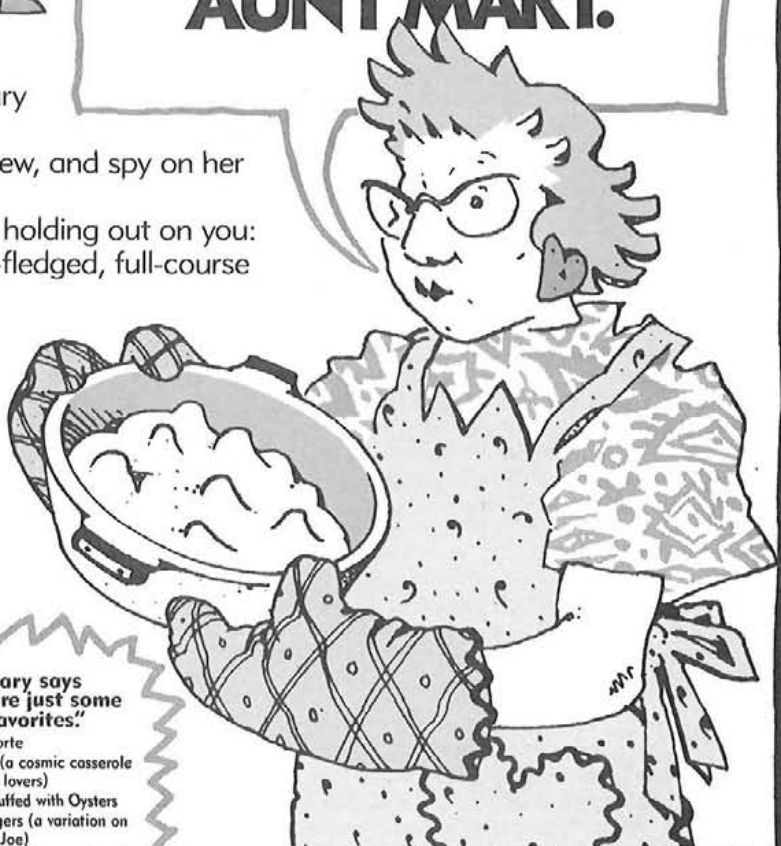
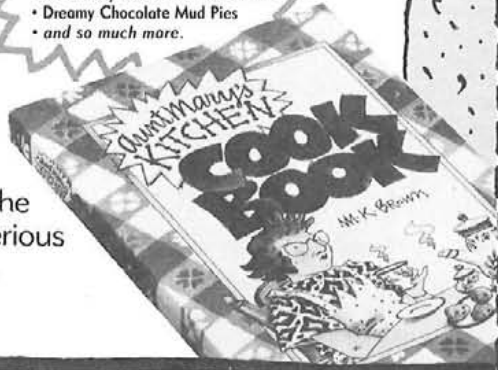
With more of her outrageous antics, illustrations, and helpful hints on what to serve those unexpected, drop-in guests, Aunt Mary divulges her own scrumptious recipes for soups, breads, salads, appetizers, main dishes, and desserts.

Use the coupon to order your copy of *Aunt Mary's Kitchen Cookbook*. Between the laughs, you'll get a serious helping of good food.

MACMILLAN

**Aunt Mary says
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- Zucchini Torte
- Tuna Luna (a cosmic casserole for seafood lovers)
- Eggplant Stuffed with Oysters
- Hindenburgers (a variation on the Sloppy Joe)
- Strawberry Sour Cream Shortcake
- Dreamy Chocolate Mud Pies
- and so much more.



Aunt Mary's Kitchen Cookbook
By M.K. BROWN

Please send me _____ copy(ies) of *Aunt Mary's Kitchen Cookbook* @ \$7.95 ea., plus \$1.50 for postage and handling for each copy ordered. New York State residents, please add 8¼ percent sales tax.

Enclose check or money order. Enclose with coupon in an envelope addressed to: National Lampoon, Dept. NL783 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

FOTO FUNNIES

"DEAR NAT LAMP EDITORS: I SOMETIMES READ YOUR RAG."



"SOMETIMES I LAUGH, BUT WHY DO YOU ONLY SHOW NAKED GIRLS ALL THE TIME? WHY?"



HOW ABOUT A LITTLE EQUAL TIME, HUH? US GALS MIGHT BE JUST AS INTERESTED IN A LITTLE MALE NUDDITY!



C'MON, NAT LAMP EDITORS, YOU CHICKEN, OR WHAT? WHY NOT TRY IT? WHIP IT OUT!



LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43)

Sirs:

"Mad Ax Killer to Go Free"? Are you guys trying to bankrupt me or what? We're trying to sell newspapers here, not children's books. Make the headline "Mad Ax Killer to Go Free in Your Neighborhood." That will boost sales.

Rupert Murdoch
Australia

Sirs:

There's this little bar where the bartender prides himself on knowing how to mix any drink a customer orders. So one day this guy walks in, goes up to the bar, and asks for a Rhinoceros. The bartender is embarrassed that he doesn't know what it is. "A Rhinoceros is a bourbon and soda, you stupid idiot!" the guy says, and he takes the drink and sits down at the end of the bar. Another guy walks in and orders a Hippopotamus. Again the bartender asks him sheepishly how to mix the drink. "A Hippopotamus is a Scotch on the rocks, you mindless cretin!" he yells, whereupon he grabs the drink and stomps down to the end of the bar and sits down. Just then an enormous bull elephant walks into the bar. He crashes through the door, ripping it off its hinges. On his way to the bar he knocks over tables, crushes chairs, breaks lamps, and leaves a trail of destruction in his wake. The elephant says to the bartender, "Give me a Human Being." The bartender says, "Why don't you make it a double and take those two assholes at the end of the bar?" Thank you, you've been a wonderful audience.

Jerry Vivo
Jimmy's Place

Sirs:

This morning when I went out to feed the hogs, I saw that they'd been here again. There they were: the scorch marks, the strange tracks, the weird containers all over the fields. I wish to hell those Florida Winnebagos would find somewhere else to stop for the night.

Farmer Arnie
Idaho

Sirs:

As I figure it, if the Soviets were to launch a surprise nuclear attack against the U.S., the civilian population would have two basic strategies to choose from: they could either attempt to evacuate to places of safety and to improvise bomb shelters as best they could, or they could go on a rampage and do as

Good times offer:



Show off the drink you think is tops—with this terrific red & white T-shirt for men and women. In soft 50% combed cotton/50% polyester, with three athletic stripes on the raglan sleeves. Please send this coupon, along with a check or money order for \$4.95 (no cash, please) to: Seagram's 7 Crown T-Shirt Offer, P.O. Box 725, Dept. 249, Lubbock, Texas 79491

(Please Print)

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Adult sizes only. Specify quantity.
T-shirt @ \$4.95 each; S _____ M _____ L _____ XL _____
Amount enclosed \$ _____

Offer expires January 31, 1984. No purchase necessary.
New York residents add 8.25% sales tax.
Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for shipment. NAB73

Seagram's

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much pillaging and drinking and raping and looting as possible in the few minutes before the bombs started striking. And in my opinion, this second option is probably the better of the two, for while it doesn't give you a better chance of survival, it does ensure you a pretty good time whether you live or die. So you might as well make the best of a bad situation, and in doing so destroy whatever you can so that the Russians are denied the pleasure of doing it themselves.

Who knows? Not only could nuclear war be "thinkable," it might also be fun.

Caspar Weinberger
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I guess the best part of our relationship is eating her out when we're both standing up. It's great at parties when she's wearing a long, flowing dress because she doesn't even have to bend her knees a bit and nobody knows where I've gone.

Dudley Moore
Anton, Calif.

Sirs:

I was always sort of a loser in high school. I wasn't very good in sports, and even though I tried hard and did my

homework and stayed after school for special help from the teachers, I still got lousy grades, because I was sort of a slow learner. Meanwhile, my neighbor Billy Meyers got to be the football captain and homecoming king, and all the girls loved him and he got laid every night, even though he was a total asshole and a completely worthless human being. Okay, so Billy gets a scholarship at UCLA, and I get a third-shift job at the local White Hen Pantry, and I work hard, and I don't really think about him at all, until last week when he came in to fill out a job application. It seems that he got laid off from his fancy executive job, and his unemployment has run out, and he's a desperate man. He's in the back, mopping out the cooler. Again.

Tim "The Lame-o" Rollins
Secure in a management position

Sirs:

According to the men I surveyed, 60 percent said yes, they do have problems finding slacks with three hundred legs, 22 percent were married and didn't want a date, and 12 percent scattered like frightened paramecia when I accidentally dropped my clipboard in the water.

The Polyp Gal
Lake Tahoe

Sirs:

A reporter asked me if I thought Casey Stengel was senile back when he managed the New York Mets. I told him, "Somebody had to be."

Pretty clever for a guy who asked to be traded back to his old last-place ball club, don't you think?

Tom Seaver
Flushing, N.Y.

Sirs:

Welcome to a brand-new contest at the *National Lampoon*. It's called "Lucky Letter." To win, leaf through this copy of *National Lampoon* and find the matching half of this letter. If you do, you've won the prize specified in the address. Good luck and

Sirs:

we hope you find the other half. And you did! This is the matching half of your Lucky Letter. Now check the address below to find out if you've won.

Sorry, No Winner
Void If Scratched

Sirs:

Those public toilets with spring-loaded seats are *dangerous*. If you can't

push them down and keep them down, you have to squat over the bowl, and if you do get 'em down, as soon as you lean over to get the paper, the goddamn things slam up again! More than once I've been catapulted onto a washroom floor with my pants around my ankles and no paper in sight. An embarrassing situation, as you might well imagine. And if you're one of the lucky ones who manages to shit, wipe, and flush the damn thing, the minute you straighten up, the goddamn seat slams you face first into the cubicle door! Many's the time I've staggered out of a washroom with a bleeding nose and SUSAN SUCKS COCKS stamped backward on my forehead. Whoever invented those seats ought to have his balls run through a Moulinex on the "beat" cycle.

Name Withheld
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

If I tell you one of those interesting little things that make for good amusement when you're in the bathtub drunk, will you print my letter? Here it is: Put the beer can up to your ear and listen to the beer. It gurgles and crackles. Like Rice Krispies. Jesus Christ, I just real-

ized something: if you had a bowl of Rice Krispies with beer in it, it would probably wake up the whole fucking house. Totally awesome.

Nicholas Nicholopolopolos
Drowned in the bathtub

Sirs:

For some years rumors have been circulating that Jim Nabors and Rock Hudson have been living together as deviants in a house trailer called "Big Bertha." These rumors are completely unfounded. Lee Majors and several other men are really the fellows who live in me.

Big Bertha the House Trailer
California

Sirs:

Here in hell, it *is* hot, and you *do* have to suffer eternal damnation, but at the same time, if you want to take a little extra time for lunch, I don't raise a fuss, or get on your case if you use the postage meter for personal mail—within reason. Sure, this is hell, and I may be the devil, but I figure that that's still no reason for me to be a hard ass.

Satan
Hell



THE ONLY CONDOM IN AMERICA WITH THE EXTRA PROTECTION OF A SPERMICIDE.

Ramses Extra™ is the most revolutionary advance since the invention of the condom. Because it's the only one lubricated with a spermicide to neutralize sperm. Safely. Quickly. Without any mess. No other condom gives you that extra contraception. Extra protection. Extra confidence. Yet Ramses Extra is thin, strong, and very sensitive. To find out just how sensitive it is, write for a trial sample. Send your name, address and 50¢ to cover postage and handling to P.O. Box 738 Dept. #B3, Riverton, New Jersey 08077. Try Ramses Extra. You'll both be glad you did.

RAMSES EXTRA™
EACH RAMSES EXTRA IS ELECTRONICALLY TESTED

© 1983 Schmid Laboratories, Inc.

Alive with pleasure!

© Lorillard, U.S.A. 1993



Newport

*After all,
if smoking isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine;
Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 1983.

Sirs:

Here's the outline you requested for my upcoming novel: Plot, plot, fuck, plot, fuck, fuck, plot, plot, plot, fuck, plot, fuck, plot.

Sidney Sheldon
Signing autographs at B. Dalton

Sirs:

Here's the outline you requested for my upcoming novel: Plot, plot, BOO!, plot, plot, fuck, BOO!, BOO!, plot, BOO!

Stephen King
Acting weird at B. Dalton

Sirs:

Hey, forget Dan Aykroyd! Never mind the dynamic super-funny people

on the old "Saturday Night Live"! Have you seen Brad Hall?!! Oh my, wow!! This crazy, unpredictable guy has the whole country in the palm of his hand! Brad Hall! Brad Hall! Brad Hall! Three cheers for this outrageous comedy megaforce!

Heh V. Sarcasm
Laguna Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

I've got this movie idea all plotted out, so maybe you could tell me if it has any possibilities. It's called *Revenge of the Lefties*. It's about this group of left-handed people who take over the world. They make all the telephones and everything left-handed and they make all the righties play first base.

Then this group of evil right-handed people, led by the ghost of Adolf Hitler, tries to take the world back from the lefties. In a sporting gesture, the lefties offer to hold competitions in bowling and tennis against the righties, with the winner getting to rule the world. I haven't gotten it developed past this point yet, but I think I'm onto something.

Lefty Southpaw
Koufax, N.Y.

Sirs:

All you people worried about being branded an asshole should try having your asshole branded sometime!

A Hurting Cow
Clumsy Ranch, Kans.

Sirs:

I have a new product you might be interested in. It's this gag powder that I invented after a doctor I know told me that people who have cancer give off a certain aroma, and that doctors who treat cancer can often tell that a new patient has cancer just by his odor. Some doctors, he said, can even smell different types of cancer. So I got some doctors to describe these smells and then I duplicated them with a powder that you can secretly sprinkle onto a guy's clothes before he goes in for a checkup. So far I've got the lymph-cancer and lung-cancer and bone-cancer odors down so good that most any doctor will be convinced that the guy he's examining has one of these cancer varieties for sure. Naturally, the doctor will get real grim or over-considerate or generally weird, which will communicate to the patient that something is *wrong*. It's amazing how nervous this can make a guy. Right away he thinks the doctor's not telling him everything. The guy flips out. I'm calling my new product Stinky Cancer Stuff. Do you like it? I'm packaging each of the three varieties in a little die-cut cardboard dead guy with sprinkle holes in the head. I'll send you some; maybe you could promote it in your magazine.

Lawrence Cancer
*101 Cancer Lane
Cancerville, Cancer
Cancerland*

Sirs:

After long consideration, I've decided just who I am and where I stand on the issues. I intend to run on the platform of being the only candidate who has ever peed in outer space.

John Glenn
Washington, D.C.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 103)

The truth about condoms and herpes.

It's been estimated that up to 20 million people in the U.S. have genital herpes. The figure is growing in epidemic proportions.

At the moment, Herpes Simplex II is incurable. However, there is a product which will significantly reduce your chances of contracting and transmitting this disease.

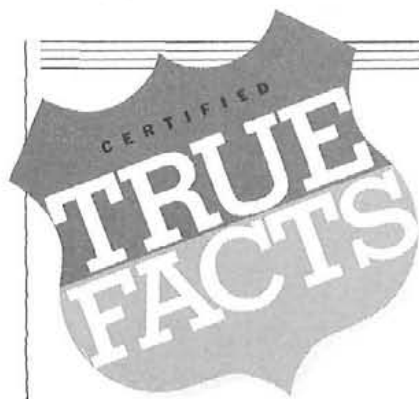
A Trojan® brand condom.

Many public health authorities and private physicians now feel that the condom, when properly used, effectively aids in preventing the transmission of herpes of the penis, cervix and vagina.

Use Trojan condoms. No other condom has been proven more effective. You'll find them in the Trojan display at your local pharmacy.



YOUNGS DRUG PRODUCTS CORPORATION
P.O. Box 385, Piscataway, N.J. 08854 © Y.D.P.C. 1983
While no contraceptive provides 100% protection, Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, effectively aid in the prevention of pregnancy and venereal disease.



SYLVIA KAY AMBARUCH OF Owego, New York, was the first person to sign up for a "Class Exchange Program" sponsored by a Massachusetts community action group. The forty-seven-year-old wife of an IBM research scientist spent one week with a poor family in a Florence Heights, Massachusetts, housing project. "I've always been comfortable. I've never wanted for anything," said Mrs. Ambaruch, who viewed the Class Exchange Program as "a great opportunity." To stay with the poor family and share their problems for a week, Mrs. Ambaruch had to pay five hundred dollars and bring her own food. *UPI* (contributed by Ron Smetana)

FOUR RIFLEMEN FIRING A CEREMONIAL salute at a military funeral in White Sulphur Springs, Montana, accidentally shot the minister. *AP* (contributed by David Ireland)

IN NOVEMBER OF 1975, AS DICTATOR Francisco Franco lay on his deathbed, officials in Madrid received a suggestion from a man who described himself as "a good Spaniard." According to recent Spanish press reports, the patriot suggested that Franco's brain be transplanted to another body, offering his own for the purpose. *UPI* (contributed by C. A. Brown-Bender)

AFTER RECEIVING A NUMBER OF OBSCENE phone calls, Kelly Lopez hired a private detective, who traced the calls to a telephone in a Marion County jail cellblock. An inmate at the jail had been making the obscene calls to Lopez collect.

Marion County police advised the Salem, Oregon, woman not to accept future obscene collect calls. *UPI* (contributed by Bob Brady)

ELIZABETH MARY COYLE, FIFTY-TWO, of Ocean Springs, Mississippi, was indicted by a federal grand jury for assaulting patients in the intensive care unit of Keesler Air Force Base Medical Center, where she worked as a nurse.

Mrs. Coyle allegedly turned off the oxygen supply to some patients after first inviting friends to join her in watching the patients "turn blue." *UPI* (contributed by M. Wasserman and J. Feldstein)

THE FOLLOWING LETTER APPEARED IN the "Our Readers Speak" column of the *Fort Dodge (Iowa) Messenger*:

"Some people claim to have seen UFOs and flying saucers rather often.... I would say that only one-tenth of 1 percent of the sightings are really UFOs or aliens. In my many years on this earth, I have seen a lot of stuff, moving and stationary, in the night skies. I know what these objects in the sky really are.

"If an object is stationary, it is a star or

The Shadow At Bay



Apparently, Walt Slade meets The Shadow on this Norwegian book cover, contributed by Mark Mattison of Oslo.

planet. If it streaks, it is a meteor, or could be space junk falling back to earth. If it moves in any direction and flashes, blinks, has colored lights, or roars and drones, it is an aircraft.

"All aircraft are friendly, because unfriendly aircraft can't get a license to fly in the United States. If it moves from a westerly or northerly direction to an easterly or southerly direction and has a steady light that sometimes fades before it reaches the horizon, it is most likely a Russian spy satellite.

"Russian spy satellites have real good

vision and can even see bugs moving in the grass and ants on the ground. It should be our patriotic duty to wave and make funny faces at them to distract them from their normal spying activities."

Signed: Clara Vonderhaar, Dakota City, Iowa. (contributed by Michael Libbie)

THAILAND'S CORRECTIONS DEPARTMENT director, General Thavee Chusap, announced that the Thai Defense Ministry will replace a fifty-year-old machine gun at the Bang Khwang prison. The new weapon will be equipped with a silencer, because the loud sound of the older gun, which was used for executions, was reportedly "scaring" prison inmates. *UPI* (contributed by Jack Lewis)

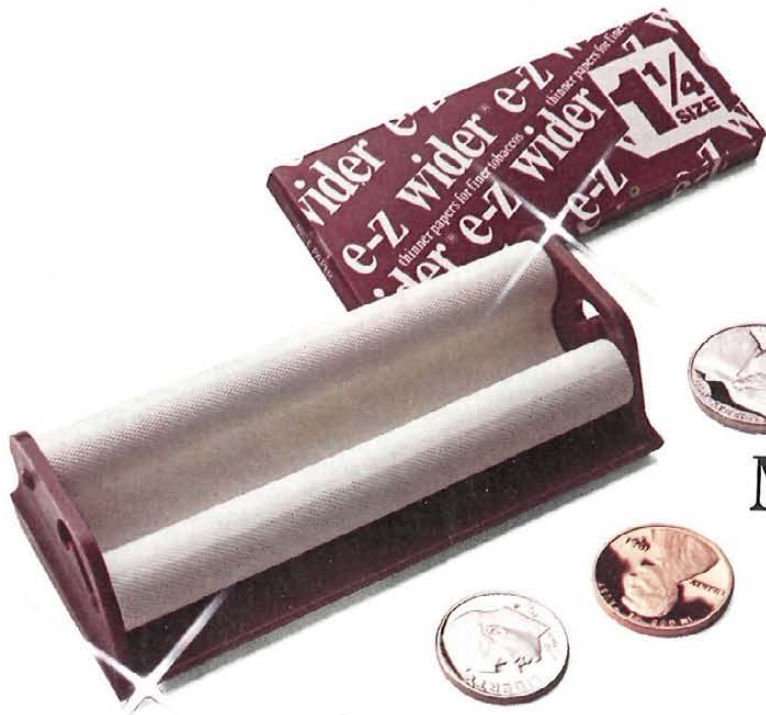
ACCORDING TO THE FOURTEENTH EDITION of *The Merck Manual*, a diagnostic medical text, flatulence can cause great "psychosocial distress." The manual describes these "salient characteristics" of three types of farts: "(1) the 'slider' (crowded elevator type), which is released slowly and noiselessly, sometimes with devastating effect; (2) the open sphincter, or 'poo' type, which is said to be of higher temperature and more aromatic; and (3) the staccato or drumbeat type, pleasantly passed in privacy." (contributed by Bob McGuinness)

CONVICTED OF STABBING HIS NEWBORN son to death in the maternity ward of St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Utica, New York, thirty-six-year-old Harvey S. Ferris explained that immediately prior to the killing, he had been holding his son and felt that it was "a special experience."

"As the mood deepened and my paternal instincts became aroused," he said, "the baby sensed my spiritual being and I knew I held something immeasurably precious.

"But then," said Ferris, "when I looked at the baby, I saw something fat and ugly, and it looked like a Jew." *AP* (contributed by Robert B. Janyk)

MOLDEX LTD., A MANUFACTURING firm in Barrie, Ontario, complained to Canadian authorities that American companies were selling competing products in Canada at lower than U.S. prices, thereby hurting Moldex's business. In response, the Canadian Department of National Revenue, Customs and Excise launched an "anti-dumping probe" into the allegations. Moldex Ltd. manufactures toilet seats. *CP* (contributed by James H. Armstrong)



The Money Machine for Smokers... Three Bucks.



If you're smoking store-bought cigarettes, it's costing you as much as \$1.10 per pack today. If you're smoking 2 packs per day, it could be costing you almost \$800.00 per year.

Now there's an economical, intelligent and fashionable alternative to the high cost of commercial cigarettes.

And we're so sure that you will enjoy custom rolling your own smokes that we're making an incredible offer for a limited time only.

The e-z wider Cigarette Rolling Machine, plus a pack of e-z wider cigarette rolling papers, plus 50 filters... All for the unbelievably low price of only \$3.00.

The e-z wider Cigarette Rolling Machine is superbly engineered to make custom rolling easy and economical. It's small enough to fit in the palm of your hand, yet rugged enough to afford you years of hassle-free service.

e-z wider Cigarette Papers have been well known for years as the thinnest, lightest, highest quality natural rice papers available.

e-z wider Filters are available for you smokers who prefer filtered cigarettes. Packed in boxes of 50 units, these filters fit easily into the e-z wider machine.

The package is yours for only \$3.00. All you do is add your favorite brand of fresh tobacco.

The Economics: If you smoke two packs per day, you can cut over 1/3 of your per pack cost, which translates into savings of up to \$300.00 per year. That's enough for a vacation in the Bahamas.

The Ease of Operation: A custom-rolled cigarette takes about fifteen seconds to prepare with e-z wider.

The Four Steps to a Perfect Cigarette: 1. Open machine and pour tobacco in as desired. (Filter smokers, place filter in left end of rolling trough.) 2. Close machine and roll once. 3. Insert paper and roll twice. 4. Open machine and remove a perfect cigarette.

The Taste: Custom-rolled cigarettes taste fresher and better, while containing none of the chemicals and preservatives found in store-bought cigarettes.

The Pleasure: Most people tend to enjoy the ritual of custom rolling. They say "it's relaxing."

The Status: Custom rollers enjoy the feeling of being members of the

\$3.00 to save up to \$300.00?

In today's economy it really makes sense to give custom rolling a try. We've done our part to make it easy and inexpensive. The next move is between you and the coupon. Just fill it out and send it back to us along with your check or money order (no cash) and we'll rush you your custom rolling kit. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

Money Back Guarantee: If within ten days of delivery you are not completely satisfied with your custom rolling kit, return the machine to us and your \$3.00 will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

Due to the extraordinary value contained in this offer, we must restrict orders to one unit per customer. Sorry folks.



Yes, I'm ready, willing and able to start rolling. So here's my three bucks. I understand that my money will be refunded if I'm not completely satisfied. Be quick about it, O.K.?

NL-2

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

I certify that I am at least 18 years of age.

Mail to: Rizla Products, U.S., Inc.

P.O. Box 1046 West Caldwell, NJ. 07007





**SOUTHERN TIER
CARPET
LIFTING UP JESUS
LAYING DOWN CARPET**

Ben Fanton, Wellsville, N.Y.



**ILTMORE FOREST
CENTER**



**BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND
JESUS**

Peter Lorenz, Fairview, N.C.



**HAIRDRESSERS
for CHRIST**

Dave Law, Detroit, Mich.



**ENTENMANN'S
CHRIST
IS RISEN
20% & 40% OFF**

Johnny James, Birmingham, Ala.



**EXPERIENCE THE WORLDS
LAR GESTCRUCIFIXION**

Diana Harrisch, Whippany, N.J.

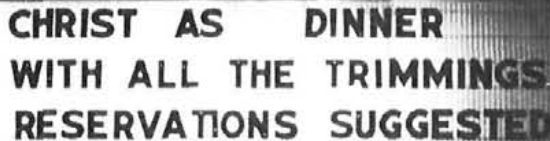


**THE TOWNE TAVERN
CHRIST AS
GIFT CERTIFICATES**

John J. Hoffman, North Haven, Conn.



POOL



**CHRIST AS DINNER
WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS
RESERVATIONS SUGGESTED**

Adrian Melott, Moundsville, W. Va.



**GAME ROOM
JESUS IS LORD
POOL VIDEO**

Chuck Layton, Denham Springs, La.



Bite back.
 With an embroidered patch of a dead crocodile on a quality 50% cotton/50% polyester golf shirt. The shirt with the bite that outfoxes them all. It's a Croc O' Shirt.

NL9

Croc O' Shirt
 P.O. Box 157, Richmond, VA 23201
 I know a good thing when I see it! Send me _____ Croc O' Shirt(s) as indicated below. I am enclosing \$_____ at \$12.95 plus \$1.50 postage and handling for each shirt (VA residents add 4% sales tax). I'm impatient but I will allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Name _____

City, State, Zip _____

Address _____

Light Blue	S	M	L	XL	Red	S	M	L	XL
White	_____	_____	_____	_____	Kelly	_____	_____	_____	_____
Yellow	_____	_____	_____	_____	Navy	_____	_____	_____	_____



AMERICA'S ENERGY IS MINDPOWER

It's vital to the renewal of our nation.

From coast to coast, border to border and beyond, we can keep this country going and growing together. If we put our minds to it.

Support our universities and colleges!

Don't take the sun lying down

Special
 "Vacation" offer — order by June 30th and get a 2nd chair — for only \$15.95!

Originally designed in St. Croix, the BEACHSTYXX™ beach shops sold out in where demand surpassed production. As word of mouth has spread, these chairs have been sought after by the beach community, campers, and concert-goers alike. Their comfort, portability, and quality craftsmanship meet the needs of a generation on the move.

Now you too can enjoy the advantages of camping, concerting, or hanging out at the beach with maximum comfort and minimum paraphernalia.

* Simple — sets up in less than a minute.

\$17.95
 plus postage and handling

Satisfaction Guaranteed. If you are not totally satisfied with your BEACHSTYXX™ portable chair, simply return it within 30 days of purchase and we will refund your order.

YES, please send me BEACHSTYXX™ portable chairs at \$17.95 each, plus \$3.00 for postage and handling.

Qty _____ Natural Qty _____ Beach Blue Qty _____ Yellow

YES, send me a second chair at the special "Vacation" discount price of \$15.95 plus \$3.00 for postage and handling.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my payment of \$ _____ checks payable to: East Coast Sports, Dept J-1, 191 Post Road West, Westport, CT 06880. (CT. residents add 7.5% sales tax.)

Visa or Mastercard Number _____ Specify type of card _____
 Signature _____ Exp. date _____

* Compact — rolls up for easy carry/storage.
 * Comfortable — supports back, conforms to body.
 * Lightweight — carry it anywhere, weighs less than 3 lbs.
 * Attractively designed — duck cloth and wood in your choice of colors.
 So take advantage of this handy coupon and order a BEACHSTYXX™ for yourself or for a friend today!



Every
5 Seconds
America Pops
the Big Canadian!

Get ready to try the big, clean taste of O'Keefe. O'Keefe's gonna become America's favorite Canadian brew.

O'Keefe 

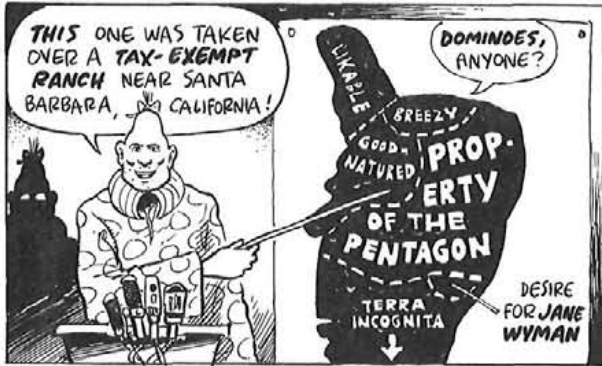
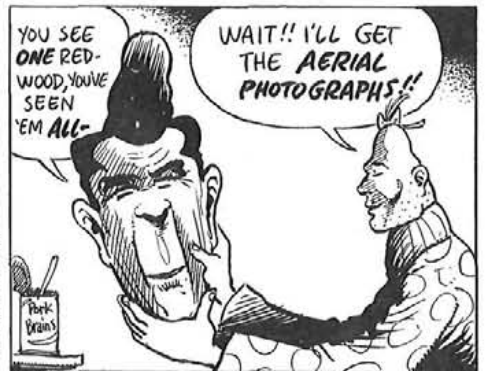
*Imported by Century Importers, Baltimore, Maryland

FUNNY PAGES

Zippy's

IDEA OF HOW THE MIND OF RONALD REAGAN WORKS

©1983 BILL GRIFFITH



TROTS AND BONNIE



I'M SCARED.
I HAD A BAD DREAM.



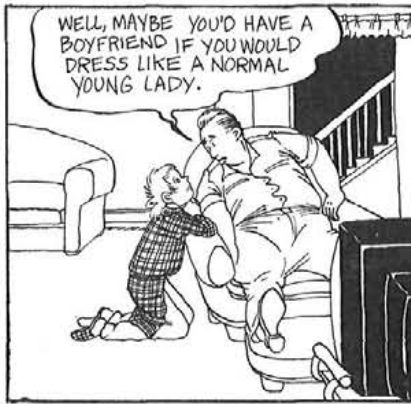
I WAS ALL ALONE.
IT WAS COLD AND DARK.
NOBODY CARED ABOUT ME.



THAT'S NONSENSE.
YOU SHOULDN'T LET A STUPID LITTLE DREAM DISTURB YOU.



DADDY?
I'M AFRAID NOBODY LOVES ME.



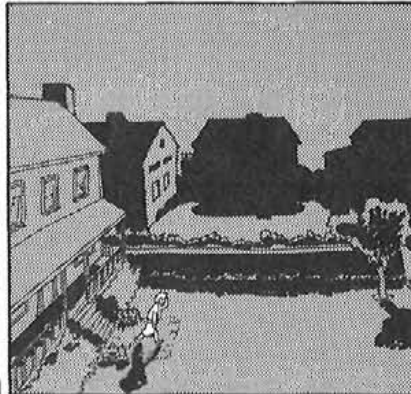
WELL, MAYBE YOU'D HAVE A BOYFRIEND IF YOU WOULD DRESS LIKE A NORMAL YOUNG LADY.



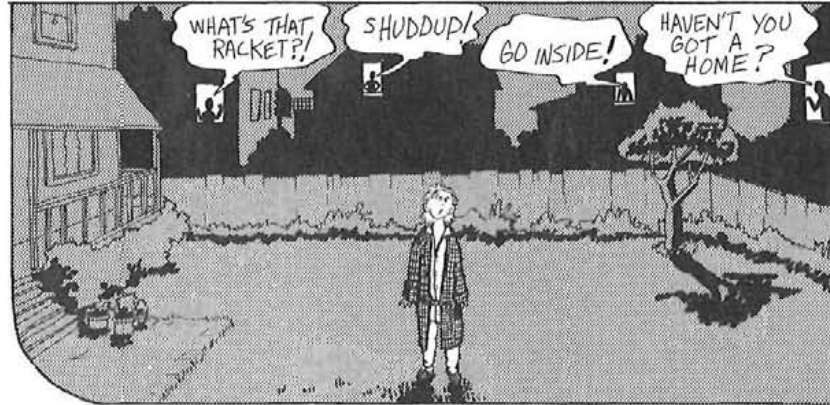
KATHY?
I HAD A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE THAT WON'T GO AWAY.



YOU HOPELESS LITTLE BABY.
I TOLD YOU TO STAY OUT OF MY ROOM!
YOU ARE PATHETIC!



WAAAAAHHH!



WHAT'S THAT RACKET?!

SHUDDUP!
GO INSIDE!

HAVEN'T YOU GOT A HOME?



NOTHING DOWN HERE BUT SNAKES AND MONSTERS...

YOU'RE WELCOME TO JOIN US.

©83 SHARY FLANNIKEN

Mimi Pond's
Famous Waitress
SCHOOL
TODAY'S LESSON

The Alert System

MIMI POND © 1983

ALERTNESS IS A PRIORITY IN WAITRESSING.

READY TO ORDER, SIR?

WHY, THERE YOU ARE, AND RIGHT ON TIME! YES, I'D LIKE THE B.L.T. AND A CUP OF COFFEE.

WHETHER TO FRESHEN A CUP OF COFFEE JUST AS SOON AS IT'S EMPTY...

YOU READ MY MIND!

I KNOW A COFFEE ALERT WHEN I SEE ONE!

OR TO BRING A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE TO THE ATTENTION OF YOUR FELLOW WAITRESSES...

HEY, GIRLS! CUTE ALERT ON TABLE FIVE!!

I KNOW WHY YOU LIKE HIM. HE LOOKS LIKE JOHNNY PISCHOTTO'S BROTHER.

OH GOD, YOU ALWAYS GO FOR THAT TYPE.

EW, YOU THINK HE'S CUTE?

DON'T LISTEN TO THEM. RUN AWAY WITH ME NOW.

...ALERTNESS WORKS IN MAKING YOUR JOB MORE EFFICIENT AND ENJOYABLE.

YOU REALLY THOUGHT HE WAS CUTE?

NO, BUT THEY'RE ALWAYS SO EMBARRASSED THEY LEAVE A HUGE TIP.

RICK GEARY
© 1983

THIS MONTH:
SLUMBER PARTY

HAVEN'T BEEN TO ONE OF THESE IN YEARS.

HARRIET'S NEW P.J.'S

TOO MANY PLATTERS!

EEE!

PHONE FUN.

AT MIDNIGHT, THE DEADLY MANTIS.

A MARKET PLACE OF IDEAS.

FINALLY BREAKFAST (SAVANA PANCAKES).

TIME TO GO HOME!

RAY and JOE - THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS DEAD FRIEND

THE STORY: RAY IS OUT WITH HIS DEAD FRIEND, JOE, WHO WEARS ROLLERSKATES TO FACILITATE MOVING ABOUT. A VIRULENT HERPES VIRUS (TYPE 5X) EATS AWAY THE SKATES' BALL BEARINGS, CAUSING THE WHEELS TO FALL OFF—SENDING JOE INTO THE STREET AND THE PATH OF A MOVING AUTO THAT HITS AND DAMAGES HIM!

JOE LIES DEAD ON THE STREET

OKAY, STAND BACK... GIVE 'IM AIR...
C'MON, FOLKS, GIVE 'IM SOME AIR!



HE JUMPED RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY CAR, OFFICER. I WAS ONLY GOING ABOUT 15 MILES AN HOUR...

15 MILES AN HOUR, MY FOOT? YOU HAD TO BE GOIN' PRETTY FAST TO KNOCK ALL THE WHEELS OFF THE POOR GUY'S ROLLERSKATES!



HERE COMES THE AMBULANCE!

ANYBODY KNOW THIS GUY?

HE'S MY FRIEND!



HE'S NOT BREATHING. I'LL HAVE TO GIVE HIM MOUTH-TO-MOUTH RESUSCITATION...

DON'T BOTHER—HE'S DEAD!

I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT, SIR, IF YOU DON'T MIND!



...BUT HE'S DEAD—HE WAS DEAD BEFORE HE GOT HIT BY THE CAR!

DON'T INTERFERE, YOU, THAT'S A HUMAN LIFE DOWN THERE!



I'M TELLIN' YA, HE'S DEAD! HE'S BEEN DEAD OVER A YEAR!

LOOK—I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR CRAZY TALK! ONE MORE PEEP AND YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



HOW'S HE DOING?

SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THIS GUY, HIS MOUTH IS LIKE LEATHER AND HIS BREATH IS SOMETHING ANWFUL—LIKE A CHEMICAL OR SOMETHING...

THAT MUST BE THE ANTIFREEZE FROM THE CAR'S RADIATOR. IT'S ALL OVER THE STREET...

THAT AIN'T ANTIFREEZE. IT'S EMBALMING FLUID. HE'S GOT A BAD LEAK.



THAT'S IT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

I DON'T HAVE A RADIATOR, MY CAR'S GOT AN AIR-COOLED ENGINE.



MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, YOU! UNLESS YOU WANTA GO BYE-BYE TOO!

HMMM... I HEAR A FAINT HEARTBEAT.



DO YOU BELIEVE IN MIRACLES? CONTINUED



Mr. Subterraneo, appearing at last, has put a bullet into the cellmate who helped Xico "X" escape from the Soviet Russian prison, under the illusion that Xico "X" would arrange sex for him with Xico "X"'s mother for five dollars.

Hey, Mr. Subterraneo, he's got the five bucks on him, man. He really bought the story about my mother waiting outside the prison.

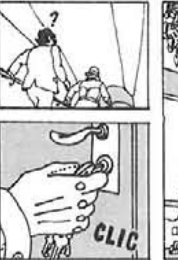
Never mind that. I have the "merchandise"!

Oh, yeah, man-- the "merchandise."

Mr. Subterraneo indeed has the "merchandise," but of course cunningly se- creted else- where for top safety.

Hey, man, I thought you said you had it.

Correct, but of course hidden in the unsus- picious privacy of my office within the very heart of the Kremlin.



I bet this thing looks really sharp at night.

Never mind that. Do you have the "down payment"?

Sure, man. Did you think I would...



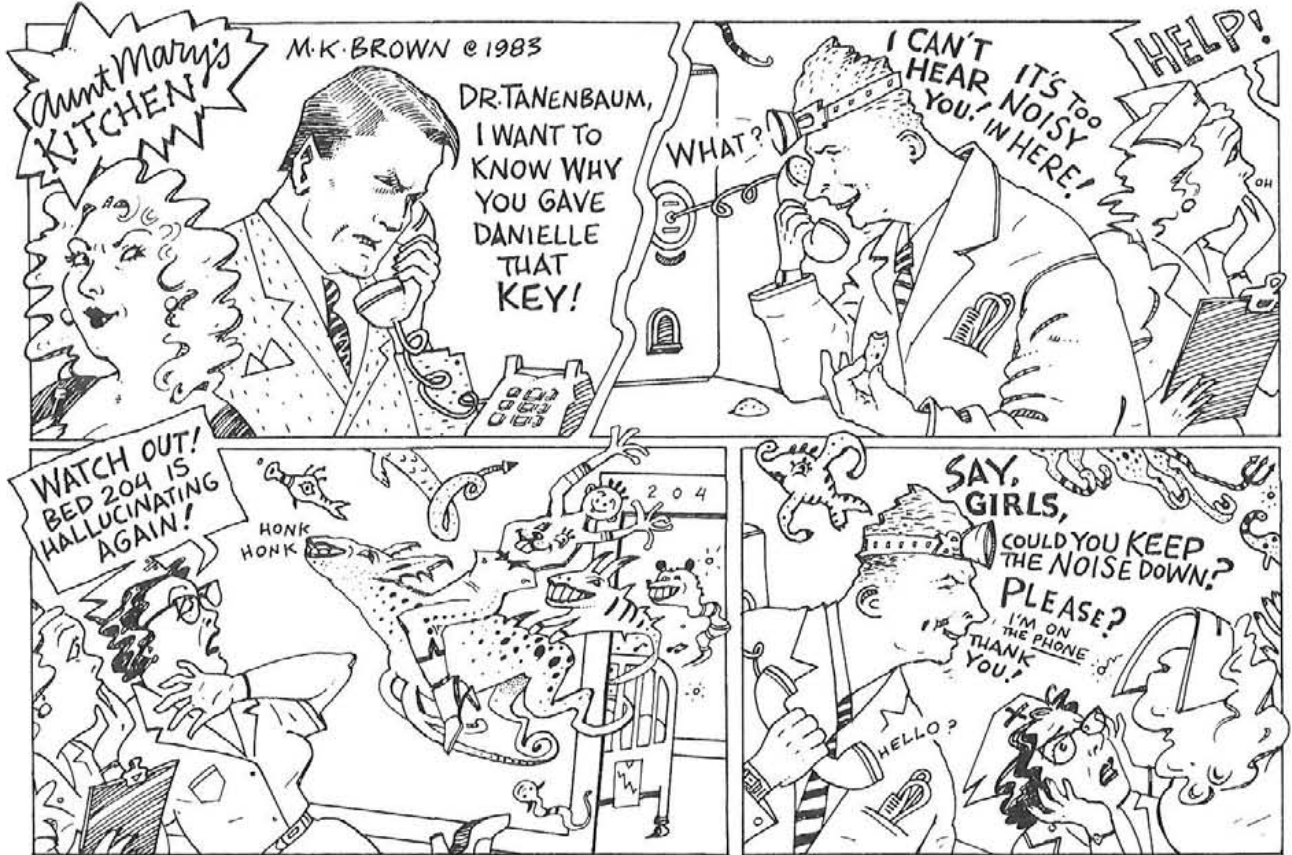
"Down payment"!? Hey, man, I forgot, you know, I'm a little short right now. How about credit? You got credit, man, you know, where I could give you five or ten bucks a month? Come on, man, I forgot.

No deal. Get out!

And so Xico "X" must close the books on another ting- ling case in the file sys- tems of the clandestine underworld of Mexican intelligence.

Can you believe it, man? This guy's office was huge, man. A real big shot, and he wouldn't even give me credit.

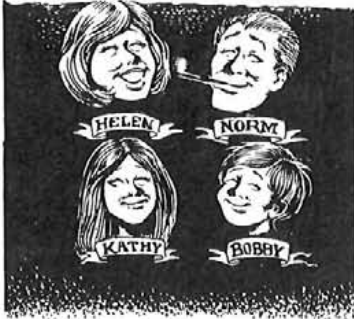
This is a sad story, pal.



NEXT MONTH: A COMMERCIAL MESSAGE.

THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



by - B.K. Taylor © 1983

OUR SENIOR CITIZENS OFTEN FACE LONELINESS AND BOREDOM IN THEIR GOLDEN YEARS. THE APPLETONS ARE DOING THEIR PART TO MAKE SURE THIS WON'T HAPPEN TO THEIR OLDER LOVED ONES. HELEN APPLETON HAS JUST BAKED A PIE FOR DESSERT, AS WE JOIN THEM IN "A VISIT TO GRANDMOTHERS HOUSE."



LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90)

Sirs:
Okay, so E.T. walks into a bar and he's carrying this toaster, so he says to the bartender, "Where's your phone?" So the bartender points to the booth and says, "I hope you have a dime, 'cuz I don't have change of a toaster," so E.T. says, "Fuck you, Charlie." It's funnier if you do the punch line in that weird scratchy voice that E.T. has.

Herb Stoddard
Vailsburg, N.J.

Sirs:
We have a lot of fun here at CBS. When all the laugh-track people over at ABC came down with the twenty-four-hour flu, we sent over a CBS crew to help them out. One of the shows they worked on was the episode of "The Love Boat" that runs next Saturday night.

Well, somebody in our crew thought it would be a good idea if "The Love Boat" had a laugh track from an all-black audience. So the show next Saturday goes something like this:

GAVIN MACLEOD: You need a hundred pounds of pastrami? Are you throwing a party?

NANCY WALKER: I'm rowing home.

AUDIENCE: Wooooooooooooo! Like it is!

Anyway, everybody here at CBS really likes the idea. And we can't wait to see John Davidson get heckled on "That's Incredible!"

William Paley
CBS

Sirs:
I've heard of handwriting analysis, but typewriting analysis? That's just plain ridiculous. How can you tell someone's personality from a typewriting analysis? Boy, whoever thought that one up must like to beat his wife. I mean really punch her around good, until she quacks like a duck.

Stan Rester
Billows, Tex.

Sirs:
What was that noise?! You didn't hear that? It sounded like a child screaming. There it is again! You can't hear it?

Edna Farber
Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:
If you thought the cube was tough, I've got a circle coming out soon that will short-circuit your brain entirely.

Rubik
At the drawing board

Sirs:
Someday, you want to see *funny*, you come down to where I work, at the AAA Body Shop in Moline, Illinois. Some of the stuff that goes on there belongs in your crazy magazine, believe me.

Take the other day. This fat lady comes in, right? And she's got this big dent on the side of her car, like someone backed into it, right? So Mel, he's the shop foreman and he handles the customers, right? He says to her, "You big fat piece of shit, what happened? Someone hit your stupid ugly car?" Hell, she didn't know whether to shit or go blind!

So, that's the way it is, here at AAA. We love our work and we have a good time doing it. Drop by sometime.

Frank
AAA Body Shop
Moline, Ill.

Sirs:
You know what I think of when I see a big snowfall? Shaving cream. It's all white and fluffy just like great gobs of shaving cream. And then the snowplows come and scrape it off just like giant safety razors. Hey, come to think of it, lawn mowers are an awful lot like big rotary electric shavers!

Do you think the earth is trying to grow a beard?

Wally Wallace
Walla Walla, Wash.

Sirs:
I'm like really stoned, so I figured I'd write to you guys because your magazine is funny as shit. I mean, you guys really crack me up, and I figure you probably know where I'm coming from. All my friends tell me I'm a gas because I kid around a lot, you know, with jokes and all that. I mean, I once met this really bouncy chick, and well, jeez, we got to talking and she laughed at everything I said. I tell ya, it's a trip. I mean, maybe you guys could use someone like me to help you take pictures of those models you got. Oh, and . . . uh . . . oh wow, man, I forgot what else I was gonna tell you. Shit, that always happens, you know? Oh well, I guess I'll go to sleep now. Keep up the good work.

Jose Dwank
Under the exit ramp, I-95

Sirs:
How the hell did club soda get its name, anyway? Around this club I don't see nobody drinking that shit.

Tony Sasso
Turf Club
Belmont Race Track
Belmont, N.Y.

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CONTEST
22

Which of These Occurrences Is a Worse Bet Than the New York State Lottery?

IF YOU ENTER THE NEW YORK State Lottery, you are less likely to win than you are to engage in all but one of the following activities. Can you find the one thing you'd have a statistically smaller chance of doing than collecting the big prize? Remember, the fact that your answer is wrong will not affect your chances of winning this contest, as winners will be chosen at random. You have a better chance of winning this contest than the New York State Lottery.

ATTENTION, MATERIALISTS!

A NEW AND AWFULLY dandy prize is being offered to competitors in *National Lampoon* contests. It is the sort of prize to delight the hearts of Caucasians, Negroes, Orientals, American Indians, and others. It is a sailboard. A *National Lampoon* sailboard. If you win her you can christen her with the name of your choice, breaking a bottle of our advertisers' liquor over her bow. This contest void where prohibited by law.



1 Murder an on-duty police officer



2 Make love to a mule



3 Tune in Anne Murray on your fillings



4 Burgle Raul Castro's home



5 Contract Hirschsprung's disease (megacolon)



6 Knowingly and for no reward drink a cup of dog spit

I AM DEFINITELY MORE LIKELY TO win the New York State Lottery than to (circle one)

1 2 3 4 5 6

Send to: Fat Chances
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This much luck should make a girl insane! Martha Cordon of Bowling Green, Kentucky, cops a coveted Audiovox talk-box for adopting four MX missiles in Contest #18. She wants one of the missiles pointed at Phyllis Schlafly. That's better'n pointing 'em at fetuses in the first trimester, anyway.

There's only one way to play it.



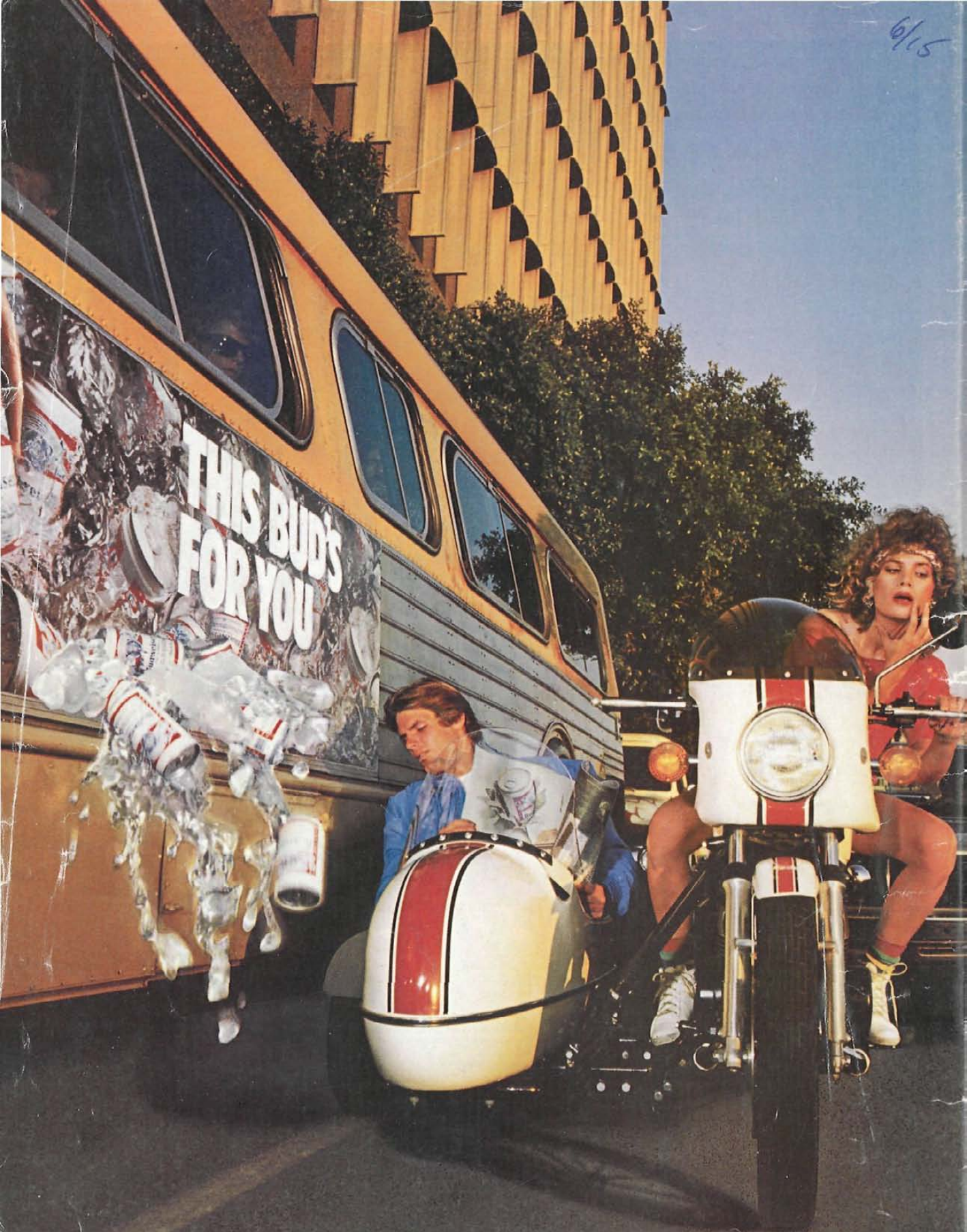
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